CARNEGIE BRANCH

The Nation.

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The Week.

People are asking if this is to be known as the "Roosevelt panic." That is comparatively unimportant. The certain and significant thing is that it will be known as a Republican and high-tariff panic. Protest as Republicans may, they will be held responsible. And it will be not only poetic but political justice that they should be. Out of their own mouths, the Republican party and the Dingleyites will stand condemned. They fixed in 1896 the standard by which they cannot escape being judged. In the party platform they referred to the panic of 1893, and the hard times following, and squarely charged the entire accountability to the party in control of the national government. Not one word did they utter about the hand of the Lord having been heavy upon the country in crop failures; not a syllable was admitted about the unwise fiscal measures, and the dishonest silver legislation, for which the Republican party was directly responsible, and which all impartial students of the time agree had a great deal to do with the financial disturbances that came later. No; it was the Democratic Administration which, the Republicans fervently alleged in 1896, had "precipitated panic" and "halted enterprise." And the political inference was stated with merciless logic:

> Every consideration of public safety and individual interest demands that the Government be rescued from the hands of those who have shown themselves incapable of conducting it . . . and shall be restored to the party which for thirty years administered it with unequalled success and *prosperity*.

Now, what are the Republicans going to do when the Democrats hand them back their poisoned chalice? What, above all, are they going to say about the tariff as an infallible and magical creator of wealth and guarantor of prosperity? A great emergency has come, and the high tariff is seen to be of no avail whatever. Yet if there is a word of truth in what has been said by Republicans all these years, the tariff is the first thing everybody should have been turning to in the crisis. Is it not high customs duties which keep wages high and everybody employed, make the trade balance favorable, and stuff the banks with money? But in an "off" year, with no political bugaboo to interfere with the beneficent workings of the high tariff, the advance agent of prosperity has been replaced by the bill collector of adversity. Whatever other effects the panic may have, it has at least opened the way to attack the tariff question in statesmanlike fashion, without having to face the old abuse and prejudice and idolatrous ignorance.

The issue of Clearing House loan certificates, on which the New York banks decided Saturday, and in which they have been followed by banks in the other principal cities, is a wise and salutary step. The two most familiar objections to the expedient arise from the facts that authorization of bills of credit in lieu of cash for payment of balances between banks is public confession that cash reserves are in some banks insufficient; and that the plan involves the lending of cash resources by strong banks to weak associates. Neither objection has any validity at the present juncture. Announcement of deficiency in the cash holdings of a few institutions could hardly add anything to the public knowledge, and therefore could not act as a cause for further misgiving. As for the compulsory support of smaller by larger institutions, public declaration of a purpose of that sort is exactly what the people want. We trust, however, that the issue of the certificates by the Clearing House Committee will be restricted jealously to actual and manifest needs. Their use, thus limited under the leadership of that master of bank finance of the higher order, the late Frederick D. Tappen, in the financial flurries of 1884 and 1890, had only good results, and brought order out of chaos almost within an hour. Their issue in a much larger sum during the prolonged financial strain of 1893, brought troubles—a result, however, of two causes, neither of which ought to operate to-day. One of these was the profusion with which the certificates were allotted to banks which might have done without them. The second cause was the desperate state of affairs in the banking centres of the West, a consequence, not of the "New York panic," but of the semi-insolvent condition into which Western industry had fallen. The farm communities especially, loaded with debt, strewn with the wrecks of mortgage companies, confronted with slack demand and low prices for their crops, were forced to call home their bank money from the East. The sign of the times was the run of half-ruined depositors on these Western institutions, and the resultant run of the Western banks on their New York depositories. But to-day the West is richer than ever before. Our wheat and cotton, for which we could hardly find a market in the distresses of fourteen years ago, are demand by the whole outside world. Whether Europe wishes to send prompt relief or not to our troubled money markets, Europe will in reality have no option. It must have our surplus wheat and cotton, and it must pay cash for them.

The runs on the trust companies last week are in part due to the fact that some years ago they entered a field—that of general banking—which had not been contemplated in the law. Originally they were designed to discharge, through the medium of incorporated companies, the duties devolved upon trustees. The law had therefore left open to trust companies all such branches of investment as would be open to an individual trustee; and these branches naturally included many investments prohibited to deposit banks. The reason for the distinction was that the banks, subject to instant call for cash by their depositors, could not be permitted investments which they could not quickly turn into money; whereas the trust companies, as the law conceived them, were subject to no such instantaneous demands. Further, the banks were required by law to keep on hand, in cash, 7 to 25 per cent. of their deposit liabilities, in order to be at all times reasonably ready to meet the call of depositors, while no cash reserve whatever was required by the trust company act. Ten or a dozen years ago, however, many of the trust companies accepted deposits subject to call—in other words, undertook to carry on without the proper restrictions exactly the kind of business which the banks were doing. The peril of such a state of things did not fail to impress conservative financiers. The New York City Associated Banks, in April, 1903, broke ground by requiring every outside institution which "cleared" its checks through banks in the Clearing House to keep in its vaults a 15 per cent. reserve. Rather than submit to dictation by the banks, all but three trust companies withdrew from Clearing House connections. The scene then shifted to Albany, where the Wainwright bill was passed in April, 1906, requiring trust companies in this city to maintain a reserve amounting to 15 per cent. of their deposits, of which at least one-third must be actual cash in vault, with option to put the remaining two-thirds, in equal parts, in the form of municipal bonds and in deposits with other banks or trust companies. Such is the present law. It is very imperfect—chiefly because it does not discriminate between companies largely engaged in trust business pure and simple, and companies which are merely deposit banks under

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another name. Furthermore, it accomplishes nothing at all in the way of regulating investment of demand deposits. Last week's events are a serious warning that the time has come when the trust company law should be radically remodelled, with the purpose of separating the trust branch of the business from the simple banking branch, and of imposing on the latter the limitations and requirements imposed on the banks themselves.

An added sign that the Administration is a little nervous about the dispatch of the fleet to the Pacific, and desires to allay fears on that score, is furnished by Secretary Root's statement on Saturday. Mr. Root is usually the physician called in when the case takes a grave turn. When he is seen to drive up, people know that the family is anxious. His phrasing is certainly skilful. There is nothing, he says, in our relations with Japan which should make the sailing of the battleships to the Pacific a threat, any more than our keeping them in the Atlantic would be a threat to England or Germany. This is more reassuring, in its statement of fact, than it is ingenuous in covering the exact circumstances of the decision to send the ships. The thing was first bruited about as a war measure. Because it was, the President put out an official announcement that he had no thought of ordering the battleships to the Pacific. Then, in a few days, he suddenly changed his mind. That was the suspicious fact that caused all the flurry, and made Europeans think the move distinctly minatory. Hence Mr. Root would be much more soothing if he were able to go on and say, with the *Army and Navy Register*, that the President is "quite capable of ordering all the navy around the world, simply because it occurs to him to do so."

Mr. Bryan's series of religious addresses, in this city last Sunday, reveal him in a very engaging light. They also help one to understand his political character. It was long ago remarked that Mr. Bryan is, by nature, a preacher. He has the exhorter's impulse, with his effusive and unstudied language. His deepest instinct is the desire to convert somebody. That is one reason, probably, why he does not shrink from encountering such tremendous odds. A party, or a nation, opposed to him, he appears to think of mainly as a great gathering of sinners whom he may hope to turn from the error of their ways. Any evangelist with a burning heart would jump at the chance, and so does Mr. Bryan. In one of his sermons of Sunday, however, he rather pathetically admitted that there was a sharp difference between religion and politics, in at least one respect. In the political world, you have to persuade a majority to be of your way of thinking, or you cannot accomplish much. In religious work, here and there an individual saved may be accounted success. The religious motto, "One with God is a majority," is scarcely for the really successful politician. He, on the contrary, has to look after the one that makes the majority—"ce maudit numéro un," as Marshal MacMahon called the single deputy who carried the republic in the Constitution.

"The army could not be worse off," Congressman J. A. F. Hull, Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, is quoted as saying. Its condition, he declares, is "desperate." This admission is exceedingly interesting. Never in any similar period of time has there been so much and such radical legislation for the army as has been written upon the statute books during the time that Mr. Hull has held his chairmanship, and yet the dissatisfaction in every grade in the army is greater today than ever before. Now, this is not merely because of the rise in the cost of living; nor will it be cured by the generous and deserved increase in the pay of officers and men which Mr. Hull proposes. Nor is it due in any large degree to the legislation which Mr. Hull has been so instrumental in shaping. Among the officers the most demoralizing influence has been political and personal favoritism. This same Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee in 1901 pitchforked into the army as a full major his own hopeful son, twenty-seven years of age, and had the satisfaction of seeing him advanced to lieutenant-colonel two years later. Of course, Major Hull at once took precedence over 1,231 captains—many of twenty years' service; 1,018 first lieutenants, and 850 second lieutenants. A year ago Senator Warren, Chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, succeeded in having son-in-law Capt. Pershing made a brigadier-general over the heads of 862 officers of higher rank and longer service. Mr. Hull does not refer to these facts and to the many others like them; yet they are the most powerful reason for the discontent among the officers, who feel that the pull is mightier than the sword.

Ever since the House of Representatives began to decline in prestige, various suggestions for its rehabilitation have at intervals been put forward. Representative Boutell of Illinois now proposes to restore the glory of the House by hiring carpenters to remodel the chamber in which it sits. He would take out all the desks, reduce the size of the hall by one-half, and build tiers of seats facing each other and extending from the Speaker's desk to the door. Mr. Boutell explains:

> Under such a plan the members who do not care to take part in discussions on the floor would have the alternative of sitting silent on the benches or leaving the House altogether. The House, being divided, each half facing the other, and everybody within easy speaking distance of everybody else, discussion would be a pleasure, and much more interesting than now. Bellowing across the hall would give way to a quiet discussion of the points involved in a bill. Change the hall and you will change the method of discussion.

Change the method of discussion, he implies, and you will change the current opinion about the House and its pretensions. That the huge area of the present hall, one-half of which is devoted to desks alone, has markedly influenced the recent history of that body, is unquestionably true. It has given a tremendous advantage to the member of great physical powers, who can make himself heard. In any legislative body the onus of general debate is bound to fall on a relatively small group of men of special ability; but in our House men who have the requisite talent, and who, given the chance, could make their way in a body like the Senate, are shut out for physical reasons. The Congressman whose larynx has not developed with his cerebrum is condemned practically to silence. Under existing conditions the men who appear to best advantage in a forensic contest conducted under all the handicaps of the Washington rules, fail to make an impression elsewhere. Audiences at Madison Square Garden or Cooper Union listen to some noted Congressman and wonder how such an inferior speaker ever managed to win a reputation. They would understand if they could see the man in his Congressional environment.

If financial troubles distracted attention from the great balloon "race" last week, they ought not to make people forget that similar aerial performances date back more than half a century. Indeed, the distance covered by the Pommern, 876½ miles, was much shorter than the best American record, made as long ago as July, 1859, by John Wise. In company with three other men, he journeyed from St. Louis to Henderson, Jefferson County, New York, a distance of 1,150 miles, and the time of the flight was only 19 hours and 50 minutes, which means that this balloon travelled for long periods at the rate of a mile a minute. This record was not surpassed until the Count de la Vaulx's journey of 1,200 miles from Paris to Russia a couple of years ago. Obviously, so far as the ordinary gas balloon is concerned, we are witnessing merely a revival of interest after a lapse of fifty years. Not even our aero clubs are a new departure: a European aeronautic society was form-

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ed in 1853. The kind of contest we should like to see would be a New York-to-Chicago race of dirigible balloons—a fair test over a thousand-mile course. According to all reports of European efforts to navigate the air, Count Zeppelin's balloon seems to have been the most successful, to have manœuvred most easily, and made the best headway against a strong wind. Its highest speed is thirty miles an hour, and under ordinary conditions it can land in a smooth field; but if it should be caught out in a severe gale, it would have to run for its specially constructed shelter or hide behind some large structure or natural protection. The inability of the Wellman airship to make headway against a wind of more than fifteen miles an hour led to its recent failure to start for the Pole. After the Nulli Secundus made its trip over London, it could not return. The problem here is plain: how to increase the engine's power without adding seriously to the weight.

If the new prohibition movement has done nothing else, it has brought on the disreputable saloonkeeper the wrath of the better element in his vocation. The Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of this State passed resolutions last week urging "the passage of laws which shall make the granting of a license to sell liquors dependent in large measure upon the character and reputation of the applicant," and also praying "that the present laws be changed to the end that the business may be ultimately conducted by men of recognized character and standing in the community." It may be noted in passing that, judged by this standard, our precious Raines law is no more satisfactory to the liquor-selling interest than to the temperance reformers. But, in general, the growing habit of blaming the disreputable saloonkeeper, and not the Puritan and the busybody, for the present renewal of agitation and hostile legislation, is on every account a good thing. Doubtless, the brewers, distillers, and wholesalers could, if they were sufficiently in earnest about it, put some of their disreputable dependents out of business. But much as the urbane, benevolent, discreet, and respectable tavern-keeper of fiction and the stage might do to regenerate his business and stop the flood of "sumptuary laws," we fear it will take more than a set of resolutions to produce him in the body.

The cause of scientific forestry the country over will profit by the splendid gift to Harvard University of 2,000 acres of valuable forest land, which has just been announced. There is no better timber in Massachusetts than stands on this tract near Petersham, a town that has long profited by the scientific methods of forestry in use on that property. So far as the university is concerned, its friends maintain that this gives it the best equipment for practical as well as theoretic instruction to be found anywhere in the country, when taken in connection with the great resources of the Arnold Arboretum, in the field of forest botany. If Harvard has been later than other colleges—Yale, for instance—in establishing forestry as a subject of university training, its present attitude shows that no great university will hereafter be complete which does not include the study and care of trees in its curriculum. For the present the forestry work at Harvard will belong to the new Graduate School of Applied Science, and students will be required to reside for a part of every year in the Petersham forests—a vast change from the days when going to Harvard meant almost monastic seclusion in Cambridge.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech in Scotland against the Lords was at least exceedingly canny. He was able to appeal strongly to Scottish pride. One of the bills which the Lords threw out was a land bill for Scotland; and Sir Henry was able to make great play on local feeling by showing how the wishes of the Scottish representatives had been trampled upon by the House of Lords, and how "my Lord Lansdowne had abolished or dried up the Tweed." The Prime Minister was characteristically adroit also in his use of Lord Rosebery. That sulking Liberal leader has, it is well known, made himself disliked of late by a large section of the party, and there were even cries of "Traitor Rosebery" while Sir Henry was speaking; but the latter simply brought out Rosebery's resolution against the Lords, twelve years ago, and gave it his blessing. Of course, this is the dead season, politically, in England, and nothing will be done till Parliament meets. It is highly significant, however, that the Prime Minister should have put reform of the Lords in the forefront of his coming programme, and announced that he would soon be ready, if necessary, to take an appeal to the country on that issue.

According to a part of the Parisian press, the future may see an important modification in the terms of the alliance between France and Russia. The latter, it is asserted, is now endeavoring to bring about the annulment of its obligation to maintain a certain armed strength on the German frontier, ready for coöperation with France in case of Franco-German hostilities. Russia's forces in her western provinces were withdrawn in the course of the war with Japan, and the Czar's government is described as reluctant to proceed with the reoccupation of the denuded frontier, on the ground that the international situation no longer makes such precautions necessary. The question is now being discussed in Paris. That Russia is prepared to risk the rupture of the French alliance is, of course, scarcely to be maintained, since her need of French money is as great as it ever was. On the other hand, it may very well be that the Russian government has been seized with the ambition of regaining the rôle of peacemaker of Europe, and with that end in view has thought it worth while to relax the tension of the French alliance in order to conciliate Germany. Indeed, for a Power whose prestige only two years ago was considered as nonexistent, Russia seems to be looming up with remarkable strength. Fortified by the agreement with Great Britain, in amicable relations with Germany, financially bound up with France, renewedly active as co-agent with Austria in Macedonia, the Czar's Empire has once more demonstrated its immense reserves of vitality.

The fever of constitutionalism has reached Abyssinia, and Emperor Menelik is reported to have organized a Cabinet on the European model. That the reform movement will not stop there is attested by the intimate relations which Menelik has established with the European Powers, and his endeavors, sincere though cautious, to bestow on his subjects the advantages of European civilization. The Abyssinians are now being referred to as the Japanese of Africa, and there is, in fact, a parallel to be drawn between the two nations. It is not merely that both were only a short time ago chiefly thought of in connection with musical comedy, and now have a victory over a great European nation to their credit, but that in Abyssinia, as in Japan, the system of feudal loyalty, when turned to modern uses, has shown itself capable of developing a surprising vigor. Abyssinia really has a future, because her safety is not only guarded by some ten million inhabitants of warlike stock, but is guaranteed also by a number of conventions with the European Powers. Last December, Great Britain, France, and Italy entered into a treaty pledging themselves to respect the territorial integrity of the empire and to abstain from intervention in its internal affairs. Germany has recently been successful in cultivating the Emperor's favor, and altogether European rivalry in that corner of Africa is such as to insure the Ethiopian nation its continued independence. To England, especially, friendly coöperation is necessary with the Power that largely controls the water supply of the Nile, and through whose territory the Cape-to-Cairo Railway will ultimately pass.

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FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Secretary Cortelyou, in his statement last week appealing for calmness in facing the financial crisis, asked for the "coöperation of the press." This implies that newspaper sensationalism has done much to provoke and inflame that "state of mind" which is always at the bottom of a run on a bank, or a panic. And the implication is undoubtedly true. Some of the newspapers have behaved very badly. They have treated the strain on credit, with its resulting acute anxiety, as if it were a thing to be bellowed about like a prize fight or a society scandal or a murder. They have recklessly published rumor for fact, and made flaunting display of information which came to them confidentially. After the second day, however, even the worst offenders among them began to wear a chastened air. In one way or another, it was brought home to them that hysterical or provocative treatment of such a trouble is a public outrage. Hence their new and grateful soberness.

We do not perceive, however, why anybody should have been astonished at the inflammatory course of certain newspapers. It is all of a piece with what they have been doing for years. Every event has undergone its exaggeration or distortion at their hands. Their admired specialty has been to make a whooping sensation, and with so good a chance as peril to the property of millions, why should they stay their hand? And why, too, should their readers and patrons who have sat without a protest under their brawling sensationalizing of all news for so long, now suddenly grow indignant and say that it is time something were done to make the newspapers decent? The life of any newspaper is at the mercy of the community. If firm pressure and threats can make a foaming yellow editor sober down, when vast financial interests are at stake; if the artificial "cholera scare" in this city in 1892 could be stopped in the newspapers, and hence in the public mind, by the representations of advertisers, it is plain that all of the responsibility does not rest upon the heedless or mercenary journalist. Part of it must lie with the careless or callous people who suffer him to go on his way, not only unrebuked, but flattered and enriched. Those who are now temporarily enraged with a conscienceless and demoralizing press would do well to pin this moral in their hats. It might help them to be permanently angry. And that would mean a permanent and all-round cure.

Beyond the newspapers, however, many are looking to another source of responsibility for our present troubles. There is some open, and a great deal of private, attack upon President Roosevelt as the ultimate cause of it all. He it is, said an officer of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, who has broken down the credit system of the country. And last week, at Chicago, a letter was read at the Trust Conference from August Belmont, in which he laid the responsibility for our financial troubles upon the President of the United States.

Now, we are compelled to grant that a certain measure of blame attaches to Mr. Roosevelt. He, too, has been sensational in his methods of dealing with vast questions which require, above all things, dispassionate and sober treatment. He has been too excited, too sweeping, too ill advised in the speeches he has delivered within the past few weeks. At a time when he should have displayed great reserve and self-control, he has been far too talkative and impetuous. Furthermore, as the head of a party which has guaranteed unruffled prosperity to the country, the President cannot but be involved. Washington dispatches represent him as determined to do everything possible to afford relief to the situation, since he does not want his Administration to be "dimmed" by financial disturbance. Party politics being what they are, all this is inevitable, and is admitted; but when men go further and assert that Mr. Roosevelt is chiefly accountable for what has occurred in this city during the past ten days, the thing becomes an absurdity.

It was not Mr. Roosevelt who attempted to corner United Copper. It was not he who obtained control of a chain of banks, purely for speculative purposes. It was not his name that had long stood as the symbol of all that is suspect and abhorrent to sound and honest bankers. No; it was the Heinzes, the Morses, the Thomases, and their breed, who, by their gambling and piratical use of the machinery of credit, brought on its disorder. Imprudent as the President may have been in his public utterances, he might have talked till doomsday without causing a thousandth part of the trouble which these highwaymen of finance precipitated in a single day.

We have not refrained, and shall not refrain, from criticising the President. But he, though mistaken, is at least honest. He is not trying to line his pockets with filched money. He is not seeking to impose upon the public by glittering bubbles of financial schemes which are certain to collapse and bring ruin to all concerned. Nor was it the President who laid his hand upon one set of fiduciary institutions after another, to pervert them to nefarious ends. We cannot charge everything to the Big Stick when there has all the while been at work the Big Grab. The President must accept his fair share of blame; the newspapers must shoulder theirs; but the true and damning responsibility rests with the men whose greed and cunning and shameless plots to overreach the public have created the fear lest more of our financial institutions may prove to be as rotten as theirs.

BRITAIN'S SUBJECT RACES.

Discontent with British rule shows no signs of abating in Egypt, and is increasing in India. Calcutta has been the scene of riots in which the Bengali seems to have belied his traditional reputation for want of courage. The prosecution of native lawyers and educators for preaching sedition has produced no pacifying effect; the tone of the native press is uncompromising; the colleges and higher schools are hotbeds of revolutionary agitation. Just how serious a turn of affairs do these symptoms prognosticate? Tory opinion in Great Britain professes to believe that the worst may be feared, and urges a bold policy of repression. The London *Times* publishes in daily instalments a history of the Sepoy Rebellion, with the evident intention of frightening the British public. The Government of India is about to enact a stringent law for the regulation of public meetings, from which it would appear that John Morley himself is not free from anxiety. Radical opinion is outraged by the public whipping of a Hindu student at the order of a magistrate. The situation is evidently ticklish.

An interesting phase of the latest developments in India is connected with the activity of Keir Hardie, the veteran leader of the Labor Party in the British Parliament, who has been travelling through the Bengal provinces and delivering what conservative opinion regards as highly inflammatory speeches. According to the native press, he has been telling his auditors that the condition of eastern Bengal is worse than that of Russia, and "that the atrocities committed by officials would, if they were known, evoke more horror in England than the Turkish outrages in Armenia." At Barisal, on the last day of September, he declared that "he would do his best to make India a self-governing colony, like Canada; what was good for the Canadians must be good for the Indians." Needless to say, Mr. Hardie's declarations have been received by the Bengali Nationalists with the greatest enthusiasm. Individual advocates of their rights the natives of India have had before this among liberal-minded Englishmen, but never so thorough-going a champion. "God sent Mr. Keir Hardie," declares one native organ, "whose advent will demolish the gigantic conspiracy against the Hindus."

If the position taken by Keir Hardie should prove to be that of the entire Labor Party in Parliament, British colonial policy will have entered on a new phase. It has been the accepted rule of English political life that Imperial problems shall be kept entirely outside of domestic party politics. Whether Conservatives or Liberals have been in power, the affairs of India and of Egypt have been conducted with almost

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the same uniformity as Great Britain's naval policy. The upsetting of the two-party system at the last general election, the appearance of a powerful third element, which in many instances refuses to be bound by political tradition, means that the separation of domestic and Imperial administrations may not in the future be so rigidly preserved as hitherto. Already Keir Hardie has moved in the House of Commons that the Indian budget be discussed in the same manner as any other appropriations bill; in other words, that the government of India be made responsible to Parliament for every one of its acts, just as any of the home departments. That was too radical a proposition to be seriously entertained—Mr. Morley himself has declared that in the last resort British rule in India must remain absolute—but the mere advocacy of this view in the House must make it increasingly difficult to deal with discontent in India.

In Egypt there has been no actual disorder, but the Nationalist agitation cannot be overlooked. The Nationalist demands, as formulated by the leader of the party, Mustapha Kamel Pasha, include the establishment of a Parliament competent to deal with the affairs of justice, public instruction, and internal administration, the creation of an "active" —instead of a puppet—Ministry, responsible to Parliament; the restriction of the present absolute authority of the English Financial Adviser, the reform of the educational system, so as to provide for the restoration of the Arabic language and the more efficient training of the Egyptians for the work of governing themselves; and the substitution of natives for Europeans in the various departments of government. On September 14, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the occupation of Cairo by the English, Mustapha Kamel Pasha addressed an open letter to Campbell-Bannerman in which he boldly put forth the claim for national independence. As early as 1896, Gladstone had declared that the hour for evacuating Egypt had already struck; and as for the Egyptians being unfit to govern themselves, the present Premier had himself declared that "good government could never be a substitute for self-government." Whether Egypt be materially prosperous or not under British rule, argued Mustapha Kamel, is beside the question. "Chains of slavery are chains, whether they be of gold or of iron."

Great Britain is thus confronted with the grave question whether it can continue to deny—not independence, for that is out of the question—but a generous measure of self-government to its subjects in India and Egypt. The argument of Oriental incapacity, even for partial self-rule, will hardly hold now, in view of what is going on all over the East. If Persia may experiment with parliamentary institutions under present British and Russian protection, why should not India and Egypt be given the same opportunity under Britain's Imperial ægis? Movement in that direction is now conditioned by a double force—the general stirring of the Oriental peoples as a result of the Russo-Japanese war, and the appearance in British politics of the radical Labor Party.

PROTECTION OF BIRD-BREEDING.

There are still too many amateur hunters who deplete the woods and fields of animal life for the market and the milliners, or for "sport"; but their excesses are being gradually curbed by influential associations and clubs. The National Association of Audubon Societies has been particularly active during the year by campaigning in no fewer than forty State Legislatures for protective laws; and its efforts are increasingly supported by appeals from the farmers and fruit-growers, as well as the cotton-growers, who now concede that birds are the best means of checking the boll-weevil and other pests. New Jersey has a new association for the special protection of game birds, the strongest supporters of which are members of gun clubs, who realize the full import of the remark made at their first meeting by Dr. A. K. Fisher of the United States Biological Survey, that at present more wild birds are killed every year than are produced.

While all laws forbidding the indiscriminate slaughter of useful or ornamental birds must be welcomed, the trouble with such regulations is that they are exceptionally difficult to enforce. Wardens are few, and not many private individuals care to turn informers; so the evil is only partly checked. Under these circumstances it would seem that the efforts of the clubs should be exerted more especially in the direction of increasing the number of birds. In that line a good deal has already been accomplished by the Audubon and other societies, which have secured islands and other reserves in various parts of the country, from Maine to Louisiana, where land birds and water fowl can breed in safety. In the Gulf of Mexico, for instance, the Audubon Society has secured eighteen islands, and near them is the Federal reservation of seven more islands. Texas, which is believed to harbor nearly every bird at home in this country, and in which a single hunter confessed to having marketed 10,000 dozen robins in one year, is being converted into a vast bird and game preserve; and within a week President Roosevelt has created four bird and animal reserves on the Pacific Coast. A great deal more, however, remains to be done if the bird population the country over is to increase instead of decreasing. As to the means for thus turning the tables, some interesting suggestions have been made by a German, Dr. Konrad Guenther, author of a book entitled "Der Darwinismus und die Probleme des Lebens."

He begins by commending the use of Christmas trees as a means of attracting and feeding birds in winter. The tree should be placed on a balcony or roof, and on its branches should be poured, in a liquid state, a mixture of lard and diverse seeds or cereals. The mixture congeals and attracts birds of all kinds—often rare and beautiful specimens, the sight of which pays for all the trouble. This, however, is merely a palliative measure, and is not needed for the insectivorous birds, which usually winter in the South. Dr. Guenther is convinced that the rigors of winter alone would not decimate the birds. Nay, he goes so far as to express doubts whether the wholesale slaughter of them by man is the main cause of the rapid decline in their numbers. The Italians to the present day regard birds gastronomically only, and not æsthetically or agriculturally. "Uccelli" of diverse kinds are seldom absent from their menus. Yet, to take the quail as an illustration, the vast numbers of them eaten in Italy do not account for the shortage in Germany, for Eckstein has shown that the German quail mostly come from Africa via Spain, which has greatly lessened their slaughter by laws forbidding the export of the dead or captured birds. The Germans, too, used to regard birds chiefly from the point of view of epicures, and to destroy them in vast quantities; yet there was no appreciable diminution in numbers until the early part of the last century. Laws were then enacted for their protection, but largely in vain.

What brought about this change? Undoubtedly the increasing value and cultivation of the land. Swamps, the nesting places of many species of birds, were drained, cleared, and ploughed. Heath and other brush, which also harbored myriads of nests, were everywhere cut to the ground, in the fields and even in the forests. Thus the birds lost their breeding places—except those which make their homes in houses and stables; and these did not decrease in numbers; nor did the crows and other birds that nest in the high trees, of which plenty remain. The inference is clear. If we would have more birds, we must restore to them their former opportunities for nesting, must give them back, not the swamps—that is impossible—but the brush, which is easy. An interesting experiment in this direction was made along the Magdeburg-Halberstadt Railway. Brush was planted on one side, and, notwithstanding the fact that birds are inclined to avoid new grounds, there was found to be a nest every thirty metres. Similar results were obtained on the Gera-Eich-

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ichter Railway. In a distance of twenty kilometres more than 700 nests were discovered. Now, inasmuch as Germany has more than 42,000 kilometres of railway, a general application of this plan would yield a million and a half of nests, or double that number if the brushwood were planted on both sides. Allowing four eggs to a nest, that would mean an annual flock of 12,000,000 birds rising from the ugly and maligned railways, like lotos flowers from the slime of the ponds.

In this country, where the land is not yet so crowded as in Germany, there would be no special cause for preferring railway lines. Bird-lovers everywhere might do much good by planting shrubs —especially such kinds as are made impenetrable by thorns—in vacant lots. If the bushes are not impenetrable, they will not prevent the ravages of cats, the chief enemies of birds. E. P. Powell relates in his delightful book, "The Country Home," how he shuts up his cat in a huge warren through the whole of every bird-nesting period, with the result of multiplying in his neighborhood, not only the more common birds, but the indigo birds, scarlet tanagers, wood thrushes, song sparrows, and other jewels of the air.

ROTATION OF LITERARY CROPS.

From present indications it would appear that we are to have the sociological novel with us for some time to come. Two subdivisions of the type may be distinguished. There is the novel of domestic relations, dealing primarily with the problems of marriage, and, by corollary, with the entire question of woman in society; and there is the novel of social relations dealing with such familiar matters as class struggle, Trusts, labor unions, and progress. The story of marriage and race comes to us chiefly from England; the novel of business and labor is emphatically a home product, and one that is bound to achieve a luxuriant growth in the course of the next few years, if public opinion continues to deal with the problems that it has so very much at heart in the present day. That neither school of fiction is new, except to the adolescent reader, merely shows that the cyclic law of fashion holds in literature as in clothes. Fifteen years ago Mme. Sarah Grand was developing the theme of sex in relation to law, and Mrs. Humphry Ward was writing "Marcella." Other hands in other climes than England are now treating the old subjects with new zest.

The extent to which fashion in popular literature makes itself felt is far greater now, however, than in the period immediately following the appearance of "Robert Elsmere." It is not as though New York, Vienna, and St. Petersburg were adopting the newest modes from Paris, but as though the latest "creations" of the French tailors were quickly to be copied in Tucson, Caracas, and Mukden. Moreover, the greater rapidity with which fashions in novels spread may be due to causes not unlike those which facilitate the speedy dissemination of French dressmaking ideals. There has been an enormous increase in the number of readers, just as in the number of millionaires; and the authors in their field, like the dressmakers in theirs, eagerly seize upon a new mode, perfect it, and exhaust it, in a far briefer time than when the class of authors and of millionaires was more restricted. Twenty years ago a new type of novel might last a decade, perhaps. To-day, less than half that time will cover the budding, bloom, and fading away of the historical tale, the detective story, the Wild West romance, the precocious child "comic," or the political novel.

This swift alternation of fashions is all the more strange because of the geographical subdivisions that are supposed to prevail in the realm of fiction. A writer, to win his reputation and maintain it, has to camp on some piece of our common earth and hold it against all comers. Some years ago one of the magazines published a "literary" map of the United States, showing just what portions of our country had been preempted by the novelist and the short-story writer. Bret Harte, for instance, held California in fealty to Apollo; New England was W. D Howells's and Miss Mary Wilkins's; Thomas Nelson Page and James Lane Allen were feudal lords of Virginia and of Kentucky; George W. Cable was warden of the Louisiana marches. By this time, however, the country has become so highly subdivided that we can no longer speak of this man's New England or that woman's Southwest. Now it is Cape Cod, or Gloucester, or Newfoundland, or the Adirondacks, or Philadelphia, or old Manhattan, or even the East Side, that constitutes an entire fief. In other words, the manorial system of some fifteen or twenty years ago is fast being transformed into a system of peasant proprietorship. There are, of course, striking exceptions to be noted. Jack London is still lord paramount in Alaska; Percival Gibbons, to go abroad, holds all South Africa under his pen; G. B. Lancaster's sway extends over the Australian continent; Robert Hichens is grand sheik of the Sahara. But even with these it is only a question of time before they will be compelled to share their broad acres with newer men.

Now, the curious thing about our literary peasant proprietors is that, quite unlike their real agricultural prototypes, they seem to have the power to nurse out of their little gardens whatever crop their heart may desire. And the desire of their heart is naturally that particular staple which happens to be in greatest demand, or, as we have put it before, which is the fashion of the hour. It is as though the demand for tea should suddenly increase, and, stirred by the example of China's prosperity, Greenland, Arizona, and Tierra del Fuego should at once set to raising tea without the least hesitation or difficulty. Does, for instance, a man named Westcott, in his Central New York patch, succeed in raising a valuable specimen of the homely philosopher which he names David Harum? Immediately the cultivation of homely philosophy is begun in the Adirondack backwoods, on Atlantic fishing boats, in Michigan lumber camps, and in Nevada gambling-dens. Does Paul Leicester Ford develop a type of the honest politician? It is but the signal for an entire harvest of idealistic district attorneys assailing bosses whose daughters they love; honest labor leaders who have the cause of the workmen at heart, but will *not* sell their votes to the machine; and members of the Legislature who resign rather than accept a bribe, to find their reward in the love of the only woman in the world, and to be carried by a wave of popular indignation into the Gubernatorial chair.

There is something exceedingly attractive about this entire system of intensive cultivation in literature. The zeal, the labor, the resourcefulness of our novelists remind us of the French agriculturist who succeeds in wresting from a half acre of soil an average prosperity far higher than that of any other European nation. With the skill of a Luther Burbank they will develop new forms and new species, grafting the delicate bloom of the Fifth Avenue belle on the Arizona ranchman's daughter, or the wisdom of the prophets on the Long Island truck farmer. Take, for instance, the author whose small estate lies south of Houston Street and east of the Bowery. By nature it is best adapted for the raising of Humorous Poverty, which, blended with Dialect and Local Color, commands a ready sale. But should the market rule otherwise, our modern agriculturist can easily turn to the production of Automobile Adventures, Religious Conflicts, or Juvenile Heroism.

CHANGES IN THE RELIGIOUS PRESS

At a recent meeting of the Methodist Episcopal ministers of this city, the topic for discussion was: "Official or Independent Church Papers: Which?" One speaker declared that the religious press is dry and uninteresting. In his opinion it seems blighted by what is in effect an official censorship, for it prints only such news and views as please those who dictate the policy. This charge contains only too much truth. That many religious papers lack interest is undeniable. The material that

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fills their columns is conventional: cut and dried comment on church affairs, machine-made exposition of the Sunday-school lesson, a commonplace sermon by that rising young divine, Dr. Smith, an article urging the laity to be less critical of a pastor who is doing his best and to "hold up his hands," a poem of the mother-home-and-heaven type, and items about a new church in the Bronx and a pipe-organ at Syracuse. All this, intelligent men must admit, is pretty thin milk, even for babes in Christ. The advertising is correspondingly slender: notices of books issued by the denominational publishing houses, cards of bell-founders and dealers in ecclesiastical specialties, and a few other miscellaneous matters. The desperate straits of the advertising manager are shown by his acceptance of advertisements of patent medicines—"tonics"—and of speculative ventures in land, oil-wells, and mines, none of which could secure space in a reputable secular paper. In fine, more than one religious weekly which once enjoyed prestige and influence and was regarded as a good property now seems struck with death.

We doubt, however, whether the trouble is that the publication is "official" rather than "independent"—whatever those terms may mean. A paper which is the organ of a denomination, however its editors may be chosen, or however loose its legal ties with the ecclesiastical organization, is bound to be in practice "official." If it be not so run as to appeal to denominational pride and prejudice, the clergy will cease to care about it and recommend it to their parishioners; and the parishioners in turn will see no earthly reason for subscribing to it rather than to the *Financial Chronicle*. If it fail to humor the leading men of the denomination and magnify all denominational doings, it loses its last feeble excuse for existence. The difficulty, we suspect, with our religious contemporaries, is not that they are "official," but that they are denominational in an age which cares very little about sectarian lines. The limited circulation is evidence of a limited interest in the denomination as such.

Of this lukewarmness there are many other indications. If we may credit the laments so loudly voiced at conferences and conventions, people no longer feel that passionate attachment to the denomination which was so common fifty years ago. Methodists, when they move to another place, find it easy to cast in their lot with Presbyterians or Episcopalians or any other religious body whose place of worship is conveniently situated or is attended by their friends. Indeed, it is a frequent complaint that when families become rich and fashionable they desert the Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians for the Episcopalians—even in the same town. People regard the church as a social, not a religious, institution; and they choose one sect or another on exactly the same grounds as they would choose a club. The causes of this disregard of denominational lines, the slackening of the hold of dogma, we need not here discuss. The fact is patent and admitted; and under the circumstances we can hardly expect *paterfamilias* to subscribe to the denominational organ in order that his children may follow the doings of Presiding Elder Jones of the Poughkeepsie District, and thus become rooted and grounded in the one true faith.

But while zeal for the sect has waned, the religious papers have suffered on the other side from the sharp competition of cheap weeklies and monthlies, never before so numerous or so well illustrated. The *Outlook* and the *Independent*, for example, once religious papers, have, in order to survive, become pretty thoroughly secular, or at least have subordinated the religious features. They and their kind are far more entertaining than the average denominational publication; they still retain a faint odor of sanctity; and thus they are the refuge of people who want good average reading, irreproachable—indeed, highly edifying—as to manners and morals. While such papers as these are to be had, the denominational weekly, though never so ably conducted, must fight to hold its own with the generation bred in the old but now passing creeds; and it is at a terrible disadvantage with the rising children of light, who are profoundly ignorant of, and equally indifferent to, the distinction between the doctrines, say, of Calvin and Wesley.

PARIS AUTUMN BOOKS.

PARIS, October 16.

From the return to town after vacation until December, when the tide of holiday books rises, there is usually an important, though moderate, general publishing season. This year there has been so far a complaint of *improduction*.

A new volume of "Les Régimes politiques au 20e siècle," by Albert Soubies and Ernest Carette, is devoted to the single existing example of a "democratic" republic:

> This [democratic] character results solely from direct intervention of the people in domains considered as reserved to its representatives—in the exercise of executive or legislative power. Now one only state—the Swiss Confederation—has so far accepted this direct intervention.

The authors note that this strictly limited use of the word "democracy" dates from the last years of the nineteenth century. France, of course, with Gambetta's "omnipotence of universal suffrage" exercised solely and absolutely by Parliament, even to the election of the President of the Republic and direct control of administration by ministers responsible to Parliament alone, is the completest type of "parliamentary republics," to which the parts of this work previously published were given; but Chili, where the real administration is in the hands of ministers subject to the legislative body, although its people elect their President, also belongs to this class. On the contrary, our United States is to furnish the leading instance of "representative republics," in which the executive is the representative of the people quite as much as the legislators; this class will be treated in the remaining portion of this painstaking work. In the present volume Switzerland, which is neither representative nor parliamentary, but a mixture of both modified by "democratic" direct intervention, is explained in five detailed chapters: Government, Assemblies, Supreme Court, Referendum, Constitutional Reform.

A study of the primitive French Republic in its making, limited to one of its leaders, is the subject of "Les Doctrines politiques de Robespierre," by M. Deymes-Dumé, a lawyer of Bordeaux. Robespierre himself gave the credit of his intellectual formation entirely to Rousseau, in his characteristic "dedication to the Manes of Jean Jacques Rousseau":

> Divine man, thou hast taught me to know myself; thou didst lead me, very young, to prize the dignity of my nature and reflect on the great principles of the social order.

This book, like the important critical work of Jules Lemaître, but in a quite opposite direction, is inspired by the belated recognition of Rousseau as the real creator of the modern world. Its analysis of one mind's progress shows the general current of thought and feeling in a whole society. Few English readers may be prepared for the author's conclusion:

> By his positive individualism, he developed ideas of altruism and solidarity; and to his contemporaries, heedless of misery and misfortune, he showed the end at which humanity should aim—the alleviation of human suffering.

Another book on one man's thought is "Montesquieu: ses idées et ses œuvres," by H. Barckhausen, professor in the Bordeaux law faculty. Fifteen years ago Montesquieu's descendants at last consented to the publication of his manuscripts preserved at La Brède, where he lived and died. The author gives half his volume to instructive comment, from these unpublished papers, on what was long since classic in Montesquieu's work; in the other half he follows out the sequence of ideas. The book is not so logical as that on Robespierre; but, while Montesquieu cannot be said to have directly prepared the way to the French Revolution, he has always been thought to have lent a guiding hand through Thomas Jefferson to the doctrinal part of our American Constitution.

The thirty-sixth volume of the International Sociological Library deals with the theory of the facts which underlie nearly all republican foundations. It is the work which won the Concours Tenichef before the Institut International de Sociologie—"Essai sur les révolutions," by Arthur Bauer, professor of philosophy. Another large volume, which essays to go still deeper, and is illustrative of the trend of sociological thought in France, is "Le Fondement du droit et de la morale," by Jean Lagorgette.

The application of the thoughts which govern the growth of all post-Revolutionary society, but modified by Catholic lay aspirations (without theological "modernism"), appears in the new book of Marc Sangnier, whose leadership of at least a por-

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tion of Young France merits watching—"La Lutte pour la démocratie." With this may perhaps be coupled, on account of the disproportionate influence of Protestant leaders in the Third Republic, C. Coignet's philosophical study, "L'Évolution du protestantisme français au 19e siècle."

In the anecdotic history of France of the Revolutions a single publisher (Perrin) brings out three volumes, of varying but genuine interest. The first is the sixth series of "La Société française pendant le Consulat," by Gilbert Stenger; it comprises army, clergy (in their critical first adaptation to the new order), magistracy, and public instruction—so many object-lessons in social and political change. Next Dr. Max Billard, for the first time, gives the complete documentary history of that tragi-comic interregnum of a few hours, the night of the 21st October, 1812—"La Conspiration de Malet." Finally, the sons of Henri Boucher have published his day-by-day "Souvenirs d'un parisien" from 1830 to 1852, but relating to what ended as the Second Republic, of whose men and things he was an interested observer.

René Bazin of the French Academy publishes a novel of contemporary life in France, with its political, religious, and social complications, under the optimistic title, "Le Blé qui lève." He is the same new-style conservative as ever, with clear, chastened style, pure thoughts, and worthy, amiable characters for his mildly interesting plot, and, for the thoughtful reader, really striking things to say of the way the world goes nowadays. As literature, his books may have lasting value. This can hardly be said of Georges Ohnet's new volume, "Cœurs en deuil." As in his previous novels (the present book gives good measure in two stories bound up together) he writes for a French public not unlike that aimed at by the American best-sellers—middle classes delighting in imaginary descriptions and doings of the fashionable world. This does not prevent his books being entertaining reading for everybody. Their French is good, though the style is slovenly; and the story is sure to be more entertaining than M. Bazin's. No books of these writers will ever justify the stigma which Marcel Prévost angrily complains is attached to "French novels" in America. Young ladies can leave them unblushingly on their mothers' tables, and young men may read René Bazin with real pleasure as well as profit to their active American souls.

These qualities of "respectability," so conspicuous in Bazin and Ohnet, are precisely wanting in Abel Hermant, most scintillating of novelists now climbing the worldly wave. He is far from being at the top, like Marcel Prévost; and he, too, has come out indignantly against the evil reputation of French novels abroad. His new volume, "La Discorde," continues his "memoirs useful to the history of society." The society is that of the very rich ("grands bourgeois"), who, of course, are also cosmopolitan; this time they are tragic. But backward Americans cannot help asking, Do such people really exist, even in Paris? The millions of French wives and mothers, whose patient and painfully methodical care of husband, children, household, and family wealth is a chief factor in making France the richest country in the world, give a reason for the same question. "Don Quixote" was also written with realism—but in another direction.

The connection will, perhaps, warrant mention of two books of a kind not usually included in this chronicle. The first is "Les Conseils de Madame Élise"—secrets of politeness and *bon ton* for popular consumption, in regard to all the events of life from the cradle to the grave. The other is an expensive book of engravings by E. L. S. (Sahib), "Paris au XIXe siècle"—Parisian costumes, scenes, and elegances through all the various régimes from the Revolution in 1790 to the year 1900, made up in 12 folio plates in limited editions, at prices varying from 150 to 1,200 francs.

In the history of literary influences, still felt among English readers of Matthew Arnold, a volume (probably a University thesis for the doctorate) has appeared which it would be a pity should pass unnoticed. It is "Senancour (1770-1846): Poet, Religious Thinker and Political and Literary Publicist. His Life, Work, Influence," by Joachim Merlant, who signs himself simply "Professor." To the reading world Senancour is the author of "Obermann" and nothing more; but he had an early career full of movement between France of the Revolution and Empire, and Switzerland; and his intellectual life mirrored the passing storms without. From Stoicism to Nature, to Epicurean skepticism, German romanticism, and Hindu pessimism, the Æolian harp of his soul sounded the whole gamut. It seems as old now as the defunct Liberalism in politics, in which also he took part under the Bourbon Restoration. In literature his main importance comes from the place of "Obermann" with regard to romanticism, also now defunct, and his influence on minds like Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, Alfred de Vigny, Maurice de Guérin, down to Amiel and tardy English echoes. Professor Merlant writes from the French (and Swiss) Protestant point of view, as the subject justly demands; Senancour scarcely faced any Catholic thinker, known to this generation, with the doubtful exception of Chateaubriand; but he was drenched with German philosophy before Carlyle began washing it over English thought.

In natural sequence follow new works on that inexhaustible voice of all the romantic generations—Victor Hugo. Gustave Simon (the son of Jules Simon), who has succeeded Paul Meurice in supervising the "national" edition of Victor Hugo's complete works, publishes a "Cahier supplémentaire," to illustrate the two volumes of political writings—"Napoléon le Petit" and "Histoire d'un crime." Unfortunately, these scrappy notes of the time do not increase the poet's renown for accuracy, although they furnish new and good anecdotes. There is certainly need of explanation for the rapid changes from Bourbon Legitimism in youth, and magniloquent Bonapartism when the poet was peer of France under the Orléans substitute, to the vociferous exile, filling the world with his Republican damnation of Napoleon the Third. It seems that, from among the infinite scraps of paper left by this man who wrote unweariedly for more than sixty years, there is always something more to be given to the world. This particular conjuncture lends timeliness to an interesting book by an unexpected author—"Victor Hugo, homme politique" by Camille Pelletan, the Radical Socialist politician who was Marine Minister in the Combes cabinet. It has evidently been a labor of love; and the poet's career as political writer and, especially, speaker in and out of Parliament is told with interest, and rhetorical insight. As might be expected, the political bearing of all this oratory, of which fragments were once popular for declamation in American schools, is duly emphasized. The author is a partisan; but he is also a formed and cultivated student, who neglects none of the details of his manifold subject.

Émile Rivière, director of the École des Hautes Études at the Collège de France, publishes "Thirty-seven Years of Prehistoric and Archæological Excavation"—the record of fruitful work far removed from all modern turmoil. Since 1869 M. Rivière has printed more than 150 memoirs and accounts of his many researches, and his work has been four times crowned by the Institut de France. To the French Academy of Sciences, July 31, 1871, he reported his discovery of entire human skeletons with other human fossils in the Baoussé-Roussé caves near Mentone. Quatrefages and Hamy at once recognized the remains as belonging to their second fossil human race—Cro-Magnon. The first, or Neanderthaloid, has only uncertain fragments, too isolated to make even prehistory. These finds have since been greatly multiplied by more ancient revelations in Monaco. In 1877, M. Rivière began still more important finds—in prehistoric rock engravings and paintings; but the present great development of such research dates from his lucky investigations in the grots of Dordogne twenty years later. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

"The American Bibliography," which is being compiled by Charles Evans, is progressing rapidly. Volume IV., covering the years 1765 to 1773, has just been received by subscribers. During this period the presses of the American colonies were very active, 3,200 items being recorded in this volume. The passage of the Stamp Act brought out a large number of political pamphlets and broadsides, and the output of material of this sort continued to increase as the discussion about the rights of the colonists waxed stronger, and independence of the mother country became more and more to be considered as the only relief for the continued oppression. Much of this material was extremely fugitive. Broadsides and handbills intended to be posted up on walls and buildings or to be handed out at street corners or stuck under doors, often surreptitiously and at night, were seldom preserved. And while the number of imprints of this character which Mr. Evans records is remarkable, it is not to be supposed that he has found them all. Many are no doubt gone beyond recovery. The collections of the Historical Societies of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, as well as those of the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, and the Library Company of Philadelphia, are all rich in this material and have all been drawn upon.

The book is a valuable contribution and

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will prove indispensable to every collector or student of American imprints. It is the best thing of its kind and is likely for a long time to remain so. The specialist will work out the subject more carefully in particular fields, but with so good a book already in existence and with the small demand for such works, it is improbable that a more perfect bibliography of equal scope will be published for a long time. A few modifications, however, in the plan would have increased greatly the value of the work to bibliographers and students. Titles which are described and collations which are made from the books themselves should have been so indicated, and the sources or the imperfect descriptions of other titles, whether from Sabin's "Bibliotheca," Haven's List, contemporary advertisements, of what not, should have been given. Cross references from titles of anonymous books should have been inserted. Mr. Evans has identified the authors of many political and theological pieces which were published anonymously and has put others under strange or unusual headings. In this matter the author index does not help, and the subject index (which is fully classified) often refers to numbers only. For example, the Prayer Book in the Mohawk language, printed in New York, 1769, is entered under "England, Church of." The writings of that famous Boston poetess, Phillis Wheatley, are entered under "Peters, Phillis Wheatley," and there is no reference from Wheatley in the index. The anonymous "Address from the Clergy of New-York and New-Jersey," printed by Gaine in 1771, is entered twice: first as No. 12,021, under "Cooper, Myles," with the collation given as "pp. (4), 58," and copies located in Harvard and New York Public Libraries; and, second, as No. 12,037, under "England, Church of," where the collation is given simply, "pp. 58," and copies are located in the Boston Athenæum and John Carter Brown Library. As has been pointed out before, the column headed "Auction Values" is a mere waste of space. The information is so meagre and so imperfect that it is absolutely worthless. In the present volume, with its 3,200 titles, "auction values" for ninety-three only are given, and many of these are erroneous or misleading. The two following instances will serve as examples, though others might be selected: No. 9,983, Godfrey's "Juvenile Poems on Various Subjects," 1765—the "auction value" is given as $11, the price paid for the Bierstadt copy in 1897; but the McKee copy brought $35 in 1900 and another (or possibly the same) copy brought $37 in 1901. No. 11,356, "A Brief of the Claim, on the Part of the Province of New Jersey," etc., 1769—the "auction value" is set down at $12; but the Brinley copy brought $92.50 in 1880, and a copy sold at Anderson's in 1905 for $115.

Continued use of the book and the examination of new material are likely to bring forth a number of additional titles. In the nature of the case every user will probably find a few. The following is our own quota of such additions. Some descriptions have been made from the books themselves, others taken from manuscript notes:

"The | New-England | Primer | Improved | [6 lines] | Boston: Printed for, and Sold | by John Perkins in Union Street | near the Market, 1767." From a copy bound in the original wooden boards in a private library in New York. Evans describes an edition with this imprint; but dated 1768.

"To the Honourable, the Commissioners Appointed by his most Gracious Majesty, for Ascertaining, Settling, Adjusting, and Determining, the Boundary, or Partition Line between the Colonies of New York, and Nova Cæsarea or New-Jersey." Dated New York, July 18, 1769," and signed by John Stevens, James Parker, Henry Cuyler, and Walter Rutherford. 9 pages, folio. A copy of this pamphlet was sold as lot 403 in the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co.'s catalogue of November 20, 1905. There seems also to have been a copy included in Brinley, lot No. 2,750.

"The | Plea and Answer | of the Right Honourable | William Earl of Stirling, | and Others. | Proprietors of East New Jersey, | to | John Hunt's | Bill in Chancery. | New-York: Printed by John Holdt, at the Exchange, 1770." Pp. 38, Appendix, pp. 11 (five schedules and affidavits). Errata, 1 p. and slip "Appendix." There is a copy of this piece in the Lenox Library.

"A | Bill | in the | Chancery of New-Jersey, | at the Suit of | Samuel Smith, Esq. | One of the Treasurers of New-Jersey, | Against | Archibald Kennedy, Esq. | And Others. | Burlington: | Printed by Isaac Collins, | M.D.C.C.L.XXIII." Pp. 11. From a copy owned by a New Jersey gentleman.

"Wilcocks, Thomas. A Choice Drop of Honey, from the Rock Christ; or, a Short Word of Advice to all Saints and Sinners. Boston, 1770." 8vo. Taken from the George H. Moore catalogue, Part II., No. 2,553. Evans (No. 11,942) gives only the Newport edition "Reprinted by Solomon Southwick, 1770," with a slightly different title.

"Articles of the Union Library Society of New-York, New York, 1771." 8vo. A copy is said to have been No. 3,872 of the Hazwell sale.

"To the Subscribers for Rivington's New York Gazeteer." [New York, 1773.] Folio, 4 pp. Described from a copy belonging to the Library Company of Philadelphia as "A preliminary issue containing besides an address to the Subscribers a digest of Parliamentary proceedings and his prospectus of the Gazeteer." This probably followed Evans's No. 12,982.

"An Elegy on the Death of the Rev. Mr. George | Whitefield, | who died at Newbury-Port, on Sunday the 30th of September, 1770. Ætat 56." 4to, 1 leaf. From a copy belonging to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

"Old England's Triumph. | Sung at the Second Anniversary Meeting | Of the Sons of St. George, | In New York, April 23d, 1771." Folio, 1 leaf. From a copy which once belonged to Paul Leicester Ford.

"A Patriotic Advertisement." Folio, 2 pp. Described as the "Proceedings of Merchants in regard to the Stamp Act; issued about Nov. 5th. 1765."

"A Serious Address to the Inhabitants of New York." Folio, 1 page. In regard to the Stamp Act, dated Dec. 17, 1765, and signed "Britannicus Americanus."

Correspondence.

EFFORTS AT SPELLING REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Lane Cooper of Cornell University, in a letter printed in the *Nation*, October 3, 1907 (p. 301), quotes an opinion of William Wordsworth, "recorded in the 'Memoirs' (vol. ii., p. 458), by his nephew," referring to attempts at the improvement of English spelling. The passage is as follows:

He mentioned incidentally [October, 1846] that the spelling of our language was very much fixed in the time of Charles the Second, and that the attempts which have been made since, and are being made at the present day, were not likely to succeed.

Professor Cooper adds, "Attempts at what? And what has become of them?" He thus seeks information.

It is not true that English spelling was "very much fixed in the time of Charles the Second." It was only a little fixed; but that was the result of previous regulation. By whom? By reformers; by scholars and educators—the predecessors of the Simplified Spelling Board. Among them were Philemon Holland, the "translator-general," and Richard Montagu, the spirited bishop, two men who helped to bring about the discriminated use of the two pairs of letters, *i* and *j*, *u* and *v*, which had previously been used as both vowel and consonant; James Howell, prototype of the learned journalist; John Milton; Izaak Walton, who wrote "The Compleat Angler," from which you can compile a compleat simplified speller; the learned Theophilus Gale, one of the first men to adopt uniformly the simplified spellings *logic, music, public*, etc.; and many more.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a long line of worthy men had published dictionaries and manuals in which, within their lights and means, they did what they could to regulate and simplify the English spelling. In succession to Bullokar, Florio, Cotgrave, Gill, Sherwood, Cockeram, and others, came Blount, Skinner, Phillips, Coles, William Walker, Kersey, Cocker, Bailey, Dyche, Benjamin N. Defoe (the son of "Robinson Crusoe"), and others more or less unillustrious. If some of them were not adequately equipped in knowledge, if sometimes in their ignorance they helped to rivet the chains upon English spelling, that was but a part of the conditions of the time. Even Dr. Johnson endeavored at times to regulate and simplify the spelling of the words which he had to enter in his dictionary (1755); but he often left orthography and etymology to the courtesies of accident, scarcely improving in these matters upon the industrious Bailey, from whom he royally cribbed. John Walker, who brought to his task the vision of a canary and the learning of a milliner, carefully preserved Johnson's errors, and averted his eyes from Johnson's occasional improvements.

Perhaps Wordsworth was thinking of the efforts of Benjamin Franklin and of Franklin's disciple, Noah Webster, to introduce the taint of reason into English spelling. And there were other attempts. Wordsworth perhaps remembered that some of his own contemporaries, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Hood, and others, including their most eminent contemporary, William Wordsworth, were accustomed to use simplified spelling like *dropt, prest, stept, stopt, dipt, kist*, etc. This practice he would know to be no innovation, but the familiar usage of his predecessors, from Spenser and Shakespeare, Jonson, and Milton, through Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, down to his own times—a custom which some of his younger contemporaries, Landor and Tennyson, and others were keeping up, and which Lowell and Swinburne and others were to carry on. And perhaps Wordsworth remembered, too, the practice of his other contemporaries, Thirlwall, Mitford, Hare, and other scholars, who

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used and advocated these and other improvements. And Wordsworth might have known, too, of the then recent rise of the new shorthand, Isaac Pitman's Phonography (1840). Pitman established the *Phonetic Journal*, and collected a large following. Soon there were many shorthand authors in the field, who, in connection with the propagation of shorthand, advocated a phonetic or a simplified spelling—Ellis (1844), Bell (1852), E. J. Jones (1862), Everett (1877), and others in England; Andrews and Boyle (1845), Longley (1849), Graham (1854), Ben Pitman (1855), Lindsley (1864), Munson (1867), Scoville (1871), Cross (1877), and others in the United States.

If those elder men had not thus wrought in a sad sincerity, the structure of the English language and of English literature would have been less round and goodly than it is now. By the labors of the later reformers, the idea of improvement in spelling and in language was brought to the serious attention of thousands of persons who were led to study the subject in a scientific way. The agitators kept the traditional spelling from absolute stagnation, compelled its defenders to receive an idea now and then, and thus held the way open for the more scientific attempts that followed.

One of the results of the increased interest in phonetic knowledge was the movement conducted by Sir Charles Trevelyan, in coöperation with Dr. Duff and other missionaries in India, to establish, upon the basis laid by Sir William Jones, a uniform Roman transliteration of the Sanskrit, the Hindi, the Hindustani, and the other languages of poly-alphabetic India. This effort resulted in the transliteration which now prevails, and which is undergoing additional regulation in the hands of the philologists interested. Connected with this was the movement among the missionary boards of England and America to establish something like a universal phonetic alphabet for missionary use. This movement resulted in the publication of Lepsius's "Standard Alphabet" (1855; second English edition, 1863), and of Max Müller's "Languages of the Seat of War in the East" (1854; second edition, 1855, with the "Missionary Alphabet").

To the same impelling cause, the desire for a more accurate knowledge and use of the English language, in its written and printed forms, the world owes it that Alexander J. Ellis turned the resources of his acute intelligence and his liberal mind to the scientific study of English phonetics. Ellis published the results of his studies in several books and pamphlets, and especially in his great work, "On Early English Pronunciation, with Especial Reference to Chaucer and Shakespeare" (five volumes, London, 1869-1889). With the name of Ellis is linked the name of Alexander Melville Bell, inventor of "Visible Speech" (1867), the first set of alphabetic symbols formulated upon an intelligible system. Another name great in these fields of research is that of Henry Sweet, who has, by his works in phonetics and Anglo-Saxon, made all scholars his debtors. The impulse of these earlier movements (1840-1860) was felt by a young American scholar, William D. Whitney. He dealt with phonology in his philologic lectures, revised Lepsius, and presented a modification of the European alphabet which was the basis of many subsequent essays and proposals. The same zeal for scholarly reform seized another young American scholar, destined to become no less eminent, Francis A. March, who devoted himself, amid excursions into philosophy, literature, and law, to the scientific study of the English language in connection with the other languages of the Indo-European family, the results of which appeared in his "Comparative Grammar of Anglo-Saxon" (1869), and in his "Method of Philological Study of the English Language" (1870), and other works, all bearing the marks of a great and lucid mind. Another American scholar, Prof. Samuel S. Haldeman, was one of the first to state the facts of Latin pronunciation ("Elements of Latin Pronunciation," Philadelphia, 1851). This brilliant and versatile man applied the scientific principles which he had discerned to the composition of several works of instruction, whose value has never been sufficiently recognized: "Analytic Orthography" (1860), "Affixes to English Words" (1867), "Outlines of Etymology" (1878).

It was the declaration of these scholars, and of their colleagues, Trumbull, Packard, Child, Lounsbury, Price, and others in favor of a scientific regulation of English spelling, that led also to the formation of a committee of the American Philological Association (1875), which in successive reports laid down the principles of such a reform, and recommended in detail the steps to be taken. The American Spelling Reform Association was formed in 1876 to keep up and guide the agitation, to inform the public, and to secure recruits. A similar agitation was carried on in Great Britain. The leaders there had been zealous in the effort to bring to light the long-hidden records of the English language before the time of Shakespeare. The indefatigable Dr. Furnivall founded the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer Society, the New Shakespeare Society, and other printing clubs, and, seconded by Morris, Skeat, Murray, Sweet, and others rescued from oblivion a large part of the records of the English language for a period of a thousand years. And now we know, or can learn, accurately, what the English language was, what the words were, how the words were spelled and pronounced, and what they meant, in the long period from the Saxon and the Norman conquest to the time of Shakespeare. And the world now has access, among other works of the new learning, to the great "Oxford English Dictionary," in which the facts of the language are recorded with wonderful accuracy and fulness.

"What has become of these attempts?" That is part of what has become of them. And who made these attempts? Who brought about these results? They were William D. Whitney, James Hadley, Francis J. Child, Samuel S. Haldeman, Richard Morris, and other great scholars who have ceased from their labors. They were Francis A. March, Frederick J. Furnivall, Walter W. Skeat, James A. H. Murray, Thomas R. Lounsbury, and others, who, as members of the Simplified Spelling Board, are still working at the same problem, now at length in the sure and certain hope of practical success. With them are working scholars and men of letters of the younger generation, some of whose names are well-known to the public. With them are working the university professors to the number of nearly three thousand, and the teachers in public schools to the number of many more thousands, who have signed the agreement to use the simplified spellings, and are advocating the idea and teaching the facts that underlie it.

Information on this subject may be had by writing to the Simplified Spelling Board, No. 1 Madison Avenue, New York.

CHARLES P. G. SCOTT.

New York, October 12.

THE WORK OF GEORGE W. HILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am sorry to see the *Nation* promulgate so inadequate an idea of the work of George W. Hill and other investigators like him in celestial mechanics, as it does in the issue of October 17. In substance the statement is that the science of planetary and lunar theory, which once represented the highest climbs of scientific intelligence, is to-day reduced to an art of performing excessively intricate calculations. You then imply that the performance of these calculations is all that the class of men of whom you are treating have to do, and you naturally see very little interest in it from the standpoint of philosophy or of positive science. Now, if you will slightly change your wording, and say that through the labors of a series of investigators from the time of Newton to that of Hill the theory in question is being reduced to an art of performing intricate calculations, you will hit the truth. What gives significance to the work of Hill and those in the same field is not their patience in performing calculations, but their ability to show how it is possible, by calculations within the power of one man, to reach results which would have required the labor of many lives if the methods had not been invented. Any good computer, under capable supervision, can make the intricate calculations. It is the method that costs.

SIMON NEWCOMB.

Washington, D. C., October 17.

[By calculations, we did not mean numerical computations. Professor Newcomb expresses, as his own dictum, what we intended to say. We have already done justice to Dr. Hill's mathematical invention; but there is little of that in the fourth volume, which we had under examination.—THE REVIEWER.]

Notes.

After her death, in 1906, Madame Jessie White Mario's reminiscences came into the hands of T. Fisher Unwin for publication. There has been some delay in preparing them for press, as the MS. required careful editing by some one familiar with the Risorgimento. The Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese has now undertaken this difficult task, and we may expect to see the memoirs in type within a reasonable period.

Gaillard Hunt, of the Department of State, Washington, has undertaken the collection and editing of the papers of Elihu B. Washburne, secretary of state and minister to France, and of his brothers, and

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would be grateful if any persons having letters from or to them would communicate with him.

Countess Sophy Tolstoy has presented the journal of her life to the library of the Moscow Historical Museum, which also has in keeping the manuscripts of all of Tolstoy's works. The countess's memoirs are said to be very voluminous and to give interesting information about the life of her husband.

President D. S. Jordan has brought together two essays on the lowering of race-stock by war's selection of the fittest for slaughter, and published them with the American Unitarian Association, under the title of "The Human Harvest." It is an eloquent piece of writing, handsomely printed.

The excellent life of "Alexander Hamilton, An Essay on American Union." by Frederick Scott Oliver, has been issued by Putnams in a new edition with frontispiece and a map.

We register the appearance of two more volumes in the World's Classics of Henry Frowde, viz.: Ruskin's "Time and Tide" and "Crown of Wild Olive," and Gibbon's "Autobiography." The latter is a good example of what many of these books show, an excellent Introduction (in this case by Prof. J. B. Bury), prefixed to a rather cheap-looking reprint.

The "Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier," by Samuel T. Pickard, has been reissued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a single volume. Mr. Pickard has taken advantage of the fresh material that has become available since the book was originally published in 1894, to make certain revisions and additions, but substantially the work is the same. It loses nothing by being brought between a single pair of covers; the type and illustrations are both excellent.

To trace the relations of poets with the aspects of "their ain countrie" and to lend realism to the descriptions with colored illustrations is a happy scheme to mix instruction with entertainment. Such a volume has been edited by Andrew Lang with his accustomed easy grace, and called "Poets' Country." (J. B. Lippincott Co.). Mr. Lang has furnished a small part of the text, reserving for himself only Scott and Shelley; but, if not the most studious, his writing is perhaps the best fitted of any for a work that is confessedly half a picture book. Naturally he shows warmer sympathy with the Scotsman than with the English visionary, but he knows, too, how to slip in the little controlling facts. Readers of "Marmion," who are familiar with the land, will be amused at this *boutade:*

Moi aussi, I know "lone St. Mary's silent lake" very well, and am much attached to it, when it *is* lonely, and not sonorous with the whoops of excursionists playing at kiss-in-the-ring. But the pure lake is not "crystal," the water is of the wonted mossy brown. It is by a loving stretch of loving memory that Scott ventures to say:

> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink.

There are no mountains, nothing is "abrupt," nothing is "sheer"; green, grassy slopes descend placidly to the loch on one side, the other side is a plain, to which hills fall easily. It is quite true that there are no trees, except where the "slender line" of land parts St. Mary's from the Loch of Lowes. There is even no "trace of silver sand," there is merely the white margin of dry stones, ordinary stones, whatever their formation may be. As to "a thousand rills," unless you call Meggat water a "rill" (it is a sizeable burn), I do not think there is a rill about the place.

So much for the veracities. E. H. Coleridge deals with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Byron, showing, as would be expected, minute knowledge of the two lake-dwellers and treating Byron as an imitator of Wordsworth. The bulk of the book is contributed by Prof. J. Churton Collins, who, especially in his chapters on the less-known eighteenth-century poets, adds a really valuable study of the relation of nature to the poetic imagination. It must be said that the last sections—on Chaucer, Goldsmith, Keats, Spenser, and Moore, by the Rev. W. J. Loftie; and on Burns, by Michael Macmillan—are ill-balanced in proportions and in some cases without interest. Of the illustrations, reproduced from paintings by Francis S. Walker, there is not much to say. They are pretty and effective, but they suffer as do almost all these colored plates to-day from a rather messy impressionism. They look too much alike, and do not call up any distinct and individual bit of scenery. However, they are sufficiently in place in this volume on the "Poets' Country," and do their part in making an attractive book.

Coleridge has never before been handed over to the tender mercies of the artist, with the exception of one or two of his principal poems, and to supply this want—if it be a want—John Lane Company has issued "The Poems of Coleridge," with an Introduction by Ernest Hartley Coleridge and illustrations by Gerald Metcalfe. The list of titles is not quite complete, as a few of these are still under copyright, but as a partial compensation two or three short poems are added which have hitherto not been collected. It would be pleasant to say that Mr. Metcalfe's drawings are an addition to the text, but this could scarcely be done truthfully. Blake might have visualized on paper what Coleridge saw with the inner eye; Gustave Doré has actually put the "Ancient Mariner" into pictures that are at least vigorous and grandiose; a lesser man was bound to fail. Certainly the illustrations now before us, which may be described as Blake uninspired plus the swirling lines of the *art nouveau*, do not clothe with grace the poet's ethereal fancies.

Another of the Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie comes to our desk with a study of "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" by Albert Eichler. Those who are concerned in a minute study of Coleridge's rhythms will find grist for their mill here, and something is said too about the antecedents and influence of the poem. Some idea of the notes and of English philology as produced in Vienna may be gathered from two specimens:

Steady heisst der Wetterhahn nur im besonderen Falle, weil eben kein Wind geht; kein stehendes Beiwort.

Scar, selten="Wunde"; vgl. Prologue zu "Every Man in his Humour," 11. "And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars."

There is something pathetic in this kind of scholarship.

Only familiar use can lay bare the qualities of a "Book of Quotations," but the collection made by W. Gurney Benham and published by the Lippincott Company has some advantages that are open to the first inspection. Besides the usual run of English selections, the compiler has drawn from Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and the modern Continental languages. These foreign quotations seem to be pretty accurate. Taking the Greek accents as the severest test, we have found some six or eight errors in fourteen pages, a smaller proportion than is common in English-printed books. The Index is full, and follows the convenient modern custom of combining all sections in a single continuous alphabet. Perhaps the most useful parts of the book are those which contain the Proverbs, and the Waifs and Strays. A page is given even to London Street Sayings, where one may find the date at which such cant phrases as "Not for Joe" (c. 1860) and "Do you see any green in my eye" (c. 1840) first came into vogue. This whole part of the book is not only useful but highly interesting to read.

Dr. W. A. Craigie's double number of the "New English Dictionary" (Henry Frowde), announced as forthcoming in the *Nation* of October 3, has now appeared. Although it forms the concluding section of Vol. VI (L-N) and completes N, yet Dr. Henry Bradley's part of the volume extends as yet only through L and M as far as Monopoly. Thus nearly one-quarter of the letter M remains to be published before Vol. VI. will be complete. The next part, announced for January 1, will bring Vol. VII. (O-P), which is more advanced already than we lately indicated, down to Premier, leaving about one-third of P still to be published. Dr. Craigie's Vol. VIII. (Q to S) is also more advanced than we indicated, since he has already published Reign to Reserve. Less than half of the letter R, and the first half of S, will therefore complete this volume. Volumes IX. and X. (the last part of S and T to Z) will then come in due season to complete this vastest of all lexicographical publications. Dr. Craigie's statistics for his double number (Niche-Nywe) just published serve to indicate the unrivalled inclusiveness of the dictionary. Some 4,323 words are here recorded. Johnson shows 379, rather less than one to eleven; Capell's "Encyclopædic Dictionary" 1,768, less than one to two; the "Century Dictionary" 1,979, and thus, like Funk's "Standard Dictionary," has not quite half the number in the Oxford publication. But the strong point of the "New English Dictionary," here and elsewhere, is its unexampled array of dated quotations arranged chronologically with specific reference in each case to chapter and verse (or the equivalent thereto). Of these quotations the present issue gives 19,586, whereas the largest number elsewhere accessible (in the "Century Dictionary") is 1,854. The last half of N yields chiefly words of native English and of Latin origin—a goodly number of the latter coming through the French, others (Nidus, Nimbus) straight from the Latin without modification. Nincumpoop, apparently of native, though obscure, origin, is traced back as far as Wycherly's "Plain Dealer," II., i, where it appears as Nicompoop, and thus defies Johnson's derivation from *non compos.* It is a pity that even the catholic scope of such a truly generous publication as this could not include any record of Smollett's Nin-kom-poo-po, who

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figures for George Byng, Viscount Torrington, in the "Adventures of an Atom." The account given of the substantive Novel is exceptionally interesting. Its present meaning is not traced beyond Milton (1643), and its old-time pronunciation, with stress on the last syllable, is exemplified by way of survival in Burns's "O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles." Its obsolete signification, prevalent from 1475 to 1724, of "news" throws an unexpected light on Fielding's jocose description of his own "Tom Jones" (IV., i), as "a newspaper of many volumes." Another of Dr. Craigie's curiosities—being the name of the tobacco-plant *Nicotiana*, derived from the name of Jacques Nicot, "an ambassadour which brought the first knowledge of it into this realme" in the sixteenth century—most nearly comes home to the business and bosoms of many in America.

Prof. Arthur Kenyon Rogers has done well to publish a new and revised edition of his excellent "Student's History of Philosophy" (The Macmillan Company). In the space of five hundred pages he has given an account of the history of reflective thought from the beginning down to the present time. There are many such treatises, but in none of them, we believe, is the subject so briefly, thoroughly, and clearly treated as in this. Former generations of college students had to encounter the difficulties of Schwegler, who, although well translated, was too Hegelian in his point of view, as well as in his vocabulary, to be altogether intelligible to the uninitiated. But Professor Rogers, in less space, and in much clearer language, has presented in an orderly manner the doctrines of philosophers from Thales to our own American teachers. Next to the comprehensiveness of the treatment and the clearness of the exposition, the most remarkable characteristic of the book is the accuracy of the bibliography, which is subdivided in such a way that one has references at the end of every chapter. There are some omissions, however, particularly in connection with those periods of philosophy with reference to which the student is in most need of going to the sources. If, for example, one seeks information as to the Gnostics, one will find in Professor Rogers's work notes of only second-hand value. Of course, Harnack's "History of Dogma" is the most thorough of modern treatises relating to the subject, but it is not well that Irenæus and Hippolytus should have been omitted. The few new pages devoted to recent American philosophy are indefinite, and therefore unsatisfactory. Here, for example, is what is said of Professor Royce, who, by the way, is put wrongly, as we believe, among the Hegelians:

> Josiah Royce, an American philosopher, departs less widely [than Bradley] from the Hegelian position. But by a new emphasis upon the teleological nature of the world whole, and a consequent getting away from pure intellectualism, he represents what is essentially a new type of theory. In particular, he has tried to solve more adequately the problem of the nature of the individual, and to harmonize its reality, and especially its ethical reality, with a fundamental monism.

Such a statement may be perfectly exact, but it is, to say the least, partly unintelligible.

In his latest volume, "Études d'histoire littéraire" (Paris: Hachette), Prof. F. Baldensperger of the University of Lyons, whose "Goethe en France" was noticed in these columns two or three years ago, applies the same scholarly methods to other problems of literary history. With admirable lucidity and order, he traces the influence of Young's "Night Thoughts" and Bürger's "Leonore" on French literature, reviews the various eighteenth century discussions on the universality of the French language, and discusses the more important definitions of "humor" from the seventeenth century to our own day. M. Baldensperger is equally at home in the literatures of France, England, and Germany, more especially during the period of Romanticism. His method in each of the five papers which compose this volume, is the same: he has collected all the materials relating to his chosen theme, and has introduced them bodily on the printed page, arranged in the order of time or reason, and connected by a thread of running comment. The facts of literary history are so presented as to speak for themselves. So objective a method is not favorable to charm of style or pregnant suggestiveness; but the method itself could not be more adequately illustrated than in these erudite studies.

The valuable *Hilfsbuch* to Holtzmann's "Hand-Commentar" on the Synoptic Gospels known as Huck's "Synopse" has been adapted to English readers by Ross L. Finney (New York: Eaton & Mains). Mr. Finney has substituted the text of the American revised version for the Greek of the German work. This Harmony, which follows the order of Mark, is the most useful in existence for historical students. The manuals in common use attempt to combine the Fourth Gospel with the Synoptics, and yield a distorted notion of the progress of Christ's ministry. The present volume exhibits Mark as the basal work of the evangelic records, the use of Mark by both Matthew and Luke, the collection of Logia, and the material peculiar to each evangelist. The use of this Harmony does not blind the student to the special characteristics of the several evangelists and their relations of mutual dependence, as is often the case with the older manuals.

It is now about a year since Prof. Hugo Winckler of the University of Berlin published his reports of the research that, in conjunction with Makridi Bey, a Turkish museum official, he had made in Boghaz-keui, in Asia Minor. He offered evidence that from 1400 to 1100 B. C. this place had been the capital city of the empire of the Hittites. In laying bare an extensive castellum there, the so-called Bujuk-Kale, he had discovered a whole archive of interesting clay tablets, letters, contracts, and other official documents in the Babylonian and Hittite languages. These tablets, in extent and variety, find their parallel only in the Tel-el-Amarna correspondence. The topographical problems to a considerable extent were yet unsolved; but it was plain that the capital of the Hittites covered extensive grounds, and was protected by several fortified heights, which were connected by mighty walls. Two city gates were also unearthed, one flanked by powerful stone pillars, upon which were found in relief two immense lions. During the recent summer, Professor Winckler has continued his labors, again in conjunction with Makridi Bey. The German Archæological Institute at Athens has also taken part in the work, sending its general secretary, O. Puchstein, the Munich archæologist L. Curtius, and the architects Krenker and Kohl. Through the Institute at Athens now comes the report that Winckler's work this season has been very successful. In the large castellum he has found about five hundred clay tablets. The name of King Hattusil again turns up as the son of Supulululumas. New light on the Hittite language also appears. Near the Bujuk-Kale the ruins of two open places for public assemblages were discovered. Representations of soldiers with pointed helmets and long garments, courtiers with trailing garments, princes leading prisoners captive, and a king riding on a lion and surrounded by his bodyguard appear. Altogether five buildings have been laid bare; the most interesting an immense structure in the southern part of the city, with a large number of apartments, apparently a palace. Near by are huge sphinx images, seemingly serving as guards at long passages. Large portions of the city walls have been uncovered, and stone stairs leading up to them. Several of these buildings seem to have been destroyed by fire. Besides Boghaz-keui, the place called Kara-Ejuk, to the east of Kaisariye, was also examined, and here, too, Winckler found Hittite clay tablets, as also the remains of a temple in the Pelasgian style of architecture, built of big stones. By the side of the outer gate are sphinxes two metres in height. These are surrounded by winged steers, warriors, zither players, persons engaged in sacrificing, and other representations of the life of the Hittites. Full reports of these and other finds are to be published in the near future.

From the report of the committee of the College Section of the American Library Association, presented at the recent meeting of the Section and now printed with the Proceedings, are gathered the following facts concerning eighty representative college libraries in different parts of the United States: Four have incomes of from $30,000 to $40,000, three from $20,000 to $30,000, ten from $10,000 to $20,000, eight from $5,000 to $10,000, eighteen from $1,000 to $10,000, and thirty under $1,000. The average proportion of total college income which is devoted to library purposes is 5 per cent. Among the institutions where the proportion is conspicuously over this average are Princeton, which devotes 9.2 per cent. of its income to the library; Harvard, 9.1 per cent.; and Columbia, 7.6 per cent. In 45 universities, the librarian ranks as a full professor, and has a seat in the faculty; in 15 he is recognized in the retirement and pension system; in 22 he gives regular instruction in bibliography and library usage. Only 30 of the libraries have regular trained assistants, while 62 depend on student help. More than half the latter report that such help has been found satisfactory and economical.

The St. Petersburg committee appointed to raise a monument to Pushkin, has decided to erect also a building to serve as a museum for collections of all kinds referring to Pushkin. The city has given a site near the Troizki bridge.

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The death of Maurice Albert at Paris is announced. He was a professor at the Lycée Condorcet, the Sorbonne, and the École Polytechnique. He was best known for his study of "La Littérature française sous la Révolution, l'Empire, et la Restauration, 1789-1830."

Prof. H. Spindler of Zwickau, author of various works on folk-lore including "Der Gigantenmythus in seiner ältesten Überlieferung," has just died, in his fifty-first year.

OUR COLONIAL HISTORY.

English Colonies in America. By John A. Doyle. Vol. IV., The Middle Colonies; Vol. V., The Colonies under the House of Hanover. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 per vol.

It lends a melancholy interest to Mr. Doyle's concluding volumes on the English colonies in America that his death should have followed close upon the completion of this work. Mr. Doyle's connection with American history has been long and honorable. Nearly forty years ago he won the Arnold prize at Oxford for an essay on the American colonies; in 1877 he issued a short history of the United States for the use of schools; and in 1882 and 1886 he put forth the first three volumes of his most important work, a history of the English colonies in America, the final volumes of which are now before us. In addition to these independent publications, he wrote the chapters relating to the colonial period in the seventh volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," and was a frequent contributor of reviews of books on American history and biography to the *English Historical Review*.

Such an elaborate output is somewhat remarkable when we realize that historical writing was never to Mr. Doyle more than an occasional pursuit. At Oxford he turned to history without the opportunity of obtaining any adequate training in the technique of his subject, and without any preliminary instruction in colonial history, except, possibly, a few lectures from Prof. Montague Burrows; for until the founding of the Beit professorship, Oxford never had a course in American history, colonial or national. The conditions surrounding his early career rendered it inevitable, therefore, that he should approach historical subjects somewhat as an amateur, and the later circumstances of his life were not favorable to a change in that respect. Living at Crickhowel in Breconshire, South Wales, he devoted his time to manifold interests other than historical, and made little effort to keep in touch with the newer methods of historical research and presentation. Except as he reviewed occasional books relating to America or came into contact with such publications as he found at the British Museum or elsewhere, he probably knew little of the progress of historical writing in America or of the work accomplished there during the last twenty years. Mr. Doyle was an historian, but he was also a farmer, dog fancier, and exhibitor, a master of harriers, and trustee of the Kennel Club, a writer and authority on breeding and kindred subjects. The close observer will note in his history traces of his sporting interests. In the present volumes, he says, "The condition of a Leicestershire hunting stable does not prove that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is superfluous"; and, again, that raids on the New England frontier were to the French rulers of Canada "but a means of blooding their hounds," while "the real quarry against which they were to be used" were the regions reached by the Hudson and the Ohio. He was also a skilled rifle shot, a local magistrate, and a member of the Council of the University College of Wales. It is not strange, therefore, that his various diversions and hobbies should have interfered with his writing of history, and that twenty-one years should have elapsed before he was able to complete the later portions of his work.

It would be manifestly unjust to criticise Mr. Doyle's history as if it were the production of an expert, and it would be equally unfair not to point out wherein it falls below the standard set for modern historical work. The earlier volumes received a cordial welcome in America, giving promise as they did of becoming a standard history of New England and the southern colonies during the seventeenth century. As year after year passed and the sequel did not appear, scholars regretted that Mr. Doyle had apparently abandoned his task. Time has, however, somewhat tempered this regret, for continued use of the history has disclosed so many defects of style, proportion, arrangement, and bibliography that it is no longer regarded as indispensable to the workers in early American history. Students of to-day are no longer referred systematically to Doyle as were those of fifteen and twenty years ago, and other writings have come in to supplant the history in its own field. This being the case, it is naturally a matter of interest to discover whether the new volumes, published at a time when the older portion of the work is beginning to lose its hold, will regain in any measure the prestige that is thus endangered.

Volumes IV. and V. contain histories of New Netherland and New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania to about 1700, a history of Georgia from 1732 to 1752, a chapter on the conquest of Canada to 1759, and, in lieu of a continuous account of the colonies during the "neglected period," 1700-1750, a series of chapters dealing topically with such subjects as social life, administration, economic progress, religion, literature and education, inferior races, and ethnology—an arrangement which marks a reversion to an antiquated method of treating colonial history. Mr. Doyle's various individual histories take the form of straightforward narratives, in which the chief subjects are politics, government, war, and personal careers. They are based on a few well-known printed sources and rehearse the well-known facts. Inasmuch as the range of authorities is limited, the histories contain no new information and present no especially original points of view or suggestive interpretations; consequently they have little freshness or novelty. It is hard to realize that a writer of to-day can put forth a history of New Netherland and New York in over three hundred pages and depend almost entirely on Brodhead, Smith, and the New York Colonial Documents; or of religious affairs in Connecticut, with Trumbull as his only guide; or of the conquest of Canada, relying almost entirely on Parkman and Hutchinson. The work is, therefore, a compilation from such sources as Mr. Doyle was able to obtain. Of recent monographic literature he manifestly knew little, and even the printed Calendars of State Papers he used in a most haphazard fashion. Only in the case of Georgia did he turn with any care to the manuscript material in the Record Office, and even in that instance he employed his opportunity but half-heartedly.

In organizing and distributing his data Mr. Doyle followed very conventional models, and in the work before us has neglected some of the most essential portions of our history. He has entirely ignored the dictum of the modern scholar to think "continentally." While New York receives more than three hundred pages, the economic progress of the colonies is dismissed most inadequately in twelve; the navigation acts are discussed—and in the main, incorrectly—in less than a page; and the subject of British control, which is looming large upon the horizon of the present-day student, is left out of account altogether. Mr. Doyle has simply pursued his course along the old beaten paths, seemingly unaware that new paths are being struck in every direction by those who are willing to devote time and labor to the task of investigation, and who are convinced that the history of the English Colonies in America has never been properly written.

Even within the history that Mr. Doyle has written there is evidence of haste and carelessness, and a disregard for those finer touches of accuracy and exactness that betoken the trained historian. All the chapters contain scores of minute errors in nomenclature and topography that a competent scholar might easily have corrected in the proof-sheets. For instance, Mr. Doyle places Elizabeth on the Delaware, Schoharie on the upper waters of the Hudson, Greenwich on Long Island, Flatlands and Flatbush at the southeastern extremity of Long Island, and speaks of "New Town, a village on Coney Island, opposite the northwestern portion of New York." Such placenames as Brainford, Guildford, Newhaven, Canseau, Charlestown (Charleston), and N. Hants appear, and there are many mistakes in the spelling of personal names also—Johnstone for Johnston, Wells for Wilks Lyttelton and Lyttleton, etc. The errors and inconsistencies in the footnotes are legion, and to the critic with an eye to accuracy and good form exceedingly irritating. Crosse appears for Cross, Weedon for Weeden, Bury for Barry, Stainer for Steiner, Ford for Force, etc.; the New York collection of documents is cited under six different titles, Danker and Sluyter's Journal under four, and McCrady's South Carolina under as many more; references are given to the Calendar of State Papers that defy recognition; references to various collections and volumes appear without number or page; and constant references are inserted to documents that are known to Mr. Doyle only through citation in some second-hand authority. There is a curious naïveté in Mr. Doyle's confession of his own shortcomings in not finding books or documents that he has heard of, and in misplacing references to documents that he quotes. So easily might these details have

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been corrected that it is but charitable to believe that the condition of Mr. Doyle's health made a final revision of his manuscript impossible.

From what we have said thus far it is evident that Mr. Doyle's last volumes are no better than those that preceded them, and will do nothing to reëstablish the reputation of his earlier work. Yet this fact does not render impossible the further statement that there is much in what Mr. Doyle has written that is well worth the attention of the student and the reader. His style seems more simple and less involved than formerly, and his narrative is generally clear and interesting. His judgments are carefully considered and show historical insight, and his attitude is always that of an impartial observer fully aware of his obligation to tell the truth as he sees it. He has no plea to maintain, is never an apologist for the British Government, and holds the balance even between Briton and colonist. He can defend Shirley and Hutchinson and criticise Franklin with the same honesty of purpose that moves him to comment on the British Government of to-day, when he says:

> To open a campaign with wholly inadequate resources, and thus to create difficulties which have to be redeemed at a heavy price alike in blood and money, has always been the besetting sin of British Governments.

While Mr. Doyle's work can never become a model for the writer of history, because it shows on the part of its author a lack of training, painstaking, and thoroughness, and while it in no way represents historical standards and ideals of the present day, because it shows an inadequate knowledge of the deeper problems of colonial history, yet we believe that Mr. Doyle himself possessed many of the finer qualities of the historian, was endowed with historical insight and impartiality, had a critical appreciation of the value of original sources, and was gifted with a shrewd understanding of the psychology of human nature. It seems a pity that a writer possessed of so many talents should not have pursued his career as a student of history with great devotion and singleness of purpose.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Man of Sark. By John Oxenham. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

"A Man of Sark" is a story of action. It deals with single combats, mêlées, pursuits, captures, caves, prisons, privateers, smugglers—an amount of detail in fact which might well swamp a less clear and vigorous narrator. Mr. Oxenham, however, has sufficient vitality to carry through all his hero's adventures, and a carefully tempered style exactly suited to the simple, open-air character of his subject. In choosing one of the small Channel Islands for the centre of his story, he at once stimulates the dullest imagination into sympathy. Moreover, nothing is lost in novels of this purely (in a respectful sense) academic type by falling back on a period when East Indiamen and their convoys faced trouble upon the high seas. The very names are decorative: the mere sound of "The Plinlimmon Castle" suggests Lever and arouses interest. Throughout, Mr. Oxenham shows skill in using the picturesque nomenclature of the region, and in touching, not too heavily, upon the romantic traditions and customs of his islands. In novels of this kind it is altogether fitting that the black-bearded villain should in the end prove an old acquaintance, that the reader should never be unsuitably harrowed by permanent damage to any leading character, and that a happy end should come before the hero is too exhausted to profit by it. To sum up, "A Man of Sark" shows a brisk imagination and capable workmanlike treament of wholesome, legitimate material.

His Own People. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In this latest novelette of Mr. Tarkington's there is a little more intention and a little less brilliancy than we are accustomed to associate with his work. The story tells of a young man, Robert Russ Mellin by name, from rural Ohio, who, with his hard-earned savings converted into American Express orders, has set out to see for himself the *beau monde* of the Continent. The opening chapter finds him realizing the dreams of his obscurer days as he sits idly in the glass-domed palm-room of the Hôtel Magnifique at Rome, fingering an invitation to tea from a certain Comtesse de Vaurigard. The facility with which her acquaintance has been made stirs on the reader's part some suspicions of her title; but Mellin has none. A fortnight or more of ardent devotion, a too too merry dinner with the Comtesse and her friends, a wild night at the gaming table—and he awakes to find himself ill, deserted, and worse than penniless. Fortunately for him, one of the women concerned has a humane enough heart to recover and return to their original owner the lost checks; and we are left with the belief that he goes back to his once-forgotten sweetheart in Ohio, a sadder and wiser Mellin.

The story is told with Mr. Tarkington's customary ease and keen pictorial sense. The characters, especially the two women, stand out sharply. Doubtless it needed an exceedingly credulous and self-confident youth to enter so unwarily into the trap, and in Mellin we have such an one—a literary aspirant, dabbler in *vers de société*, one who had always sighed for luxury, flattery, and all the choice sensations to which he regarded himself as rightful heir. Whether a knowledge of the world so provincially restricted as his would not have betrayed both his innocence and his poverty to a group of professional sharpers long before the actual disclosure, is a question the pertinence of which the author evidently perceives, for he tells us with some emphasis that no French woman can understand an American. But what of the accomplices of the Comtesse, the "Honorable" Chandler Pedlow, himself an American, and Mr. Sneyd, both of whom must have been adepts in these very matters?

For Maisie. By Katharine Tynan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This amiable little tale belongs entirely in the realm of harmless artifice. From the moment when Kit Wells decides to live by the work of his hands rather than by pillage, to the occasion when the duke has him to dine, not one solitary event bears the faintest likeness to anything in real life. This, however, may be said in justice: the whole is faultlessly in key. Once granted that Maisie's mother (a real lady) marries an unlettered day-laborer in order to secure a guardian for her daughter; granted that the laborer takes such a fancy to another man's child, on sight, that he marries a dying woman in order to secure possession of the little girl—granting all this, it becomes perfectly easy to accept the old admiral's being sold with the estate, the whole paraphernalia, in short, of fluent, unexacting, conventional fiction.

Katharine Tynan's Irish stories usually possess a certain mild attraction, but in shifting her stage to England, she loses this so completely as to suggest that the earlier works owe more to the imperishable romance of Ireland itself, than to the author's ability to frame a reasonable story. As a mere narrator, however, she is smooth, practised, and totally unobjectionable.

Gret: the Story of a Pagan. By Beatrice Mantle. New York: The Century Co.

It is a brave reader who can face without flinching the prospect of a fresh encounter with the girl of the more or less golden West: her of the ranch, the mining camp, the roadhouse bar; her of the matchless audacity and untrammelled innocence. Such is Gret; but not according to the usual terms: stripped, indeed, of the most approved gewgaws of the romancer and the play-maker. She is not extraordinarily beautiful, she does not carry a gun. She does not even marry the man of her first choice. On the other hand, she is a personage; a figure which stands out with uncommon vividness against the neutral background of Western fiction as it is commonly made. Indeed, she stands out more distinctly than might be desired against the background of the other persons of the tale. Hers is distinctly a star part. The California logging-camp in which she is born and brought up not so much determines her character as affords it a fit setting. Her father, the owner of the camp, has come to lead the selfish and luxurious life of a man about town. Her mother, a woman of fine nature and breeding, long disillusioned as to the character of her husband, lives a life of seclusion with her two daughters, in a little cottage which overlooks the camp. She has lapsed into a state of benumbed indifference to everything but her books; and Gret (the sister is a tame thing) has grown almost to womanhood in the rough-and-ready atmosphere of the camp. The mother, an agnostic, has given her no knowledge of religious matters, so that Gret, who has been born a pagan (the sister is a born *dévote*) actually remains one.

To the camp and to the girl circumstance brings a group of city dwellers, chief of whom are a "society leader," a religious (and fashionable) mystic, and a wealthy middle-aged cynic. He is of distinguished bearing and witty converse, full of wise saws and languid learning, excellently framed to beguile a child of nature. Naturally he philanders with her in his elegant casual way; not so naturally, he proposes to marry her; and by no means unnaturally, she, hating the selfish sophistication of the great world, finds it easy to adore the most selfish and sophisticated member of that world. Circumstances prevent the marriage; and the honest and use-

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ful man who should have been her first choice becomes in the event her second.

After all, the whole affair is conventional enough. The incidents and the people, so far as they can be separated from Gret, are of little moment. But she makes it all worth while. Her mental and moral vigor, her purity, her woman's strength capable of taking, if need were, a man's burden, her very equivocations and subterfuges when diplomacy alone may serve her turn —they are presented with admirable skill as mere attributes of a personality greater than they. For the breath of the morning is in her nostrils: "it ran down her veins like wine, and she stared before her into many-colored vistas like a dazed thing, carried out of herself by something hypnotic and potential rising out of the earth to her." With so much of the smart and the tailor-made in our fiction, it is a pleasure to come now and then upon a novel which holds one such human, breathing creature as Gret.

The Spotter. By William W. Canfield. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

This is a novel with a purpose. Oil is the theme, and it is not embarrassingly difficult to make out the identity of Mr. Lanphere, president of the Cygnet Oil Company. One is invited to follow the fortunes of a number of the victims of his unscrupulous methods; in particular of one Cameron, the contented owner of a prosperous Pennsylvania farm. Oil is struck in the neighborhood, and all his neighbors are easily persuaded to sell their land for what seem to them fabulous sums. Cameron, who loves farming and hates oil, holds out for some time; but is finally cheated out of his property by one of the numerous secret agents of the Cygnet, who professes to be acting in the interests of the independent refineries. His job finished, the agent leaves the country, taking with him the daughter of another victim, whom for some unaccountable reason he has married. Cameron tracks him to Paris, and is there sandbagged and kidnapped by a pair of the agent's thugs. Presently he is restored to liberty, though not for some time to his right mind. Eventually certain documents fall in his way which "put the screws on" Lanphere; and Cameron comes out of the rencontre whole-pocketed, if half-hearted. In fact, since he is in possession of documents which might bring a noted criminal to justice, his acceptance of personal damages from Lanphere smacks of blackmail. But, since Lanphere's great original has never been hanged, drawn, and quartered, the ethics of fiction—even of such melodramatic fiction as "The Spotter"—must needs bow before the continued fact.

The Real Blake, a Portrait Biography. By Edwin J. Ellis. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $3.50 net.

When, five weeks ago, the "William Blake" of Arthur Symons was here reviewed, Mr. Ellis's volume, though published in London before Mr. Symons's, had not made its appearance in the New York market. This is unfortunate, for most of our complaints against the earlier book should have been reserved, and sharpened, for the present culprit. If Mr. Symons writes from the point of view of ultra-romanticism, Mr. Ellis speaks from the region of spirit-rapping and table-turning. He has produced a book that is almost a model of what a biography ought not to be.

He has many faults, among them bad temper and messiness; but the worst is an inordinate use of inference. For example, Crabb Robinson repeats a saying of Mrs. Blake's, that when Blake was four years old he saw God put His head to the window. That is all we know of the matter from any source. Mr. Ellis not only tells us what God probably looked like, and what window he appeared at, but goes on to conjecture why Blake never spoke of the vision to any one except to his wife "during the summer days of his courtship." Later in Blake's childhood Mr. Ellis suspects "that he even went so far as to allow his upright flames of waving hair to be combed down for him sometimes"—most boys do. More pernicious is the statement that Clara Woods was Blake's "real first and last love," and the gratuitous prying into the relations between Blake and his wife, with conclusions which are as offensive as they are unwarranted. Of course Mr. Ellis, as a good Celt, accepts without a quaver of doubt the story that Blake was of Irish descent and that the family name was really O'Neil. Mr. Symons has shown how utterly improbable that theory is, although in justice to Mr. Ellis it must be acknowledged that the photographs of the Deville life-mask here admirably reproduced have a strong Irish look about the mouth and upper lip. So far Mr. Ellis may be within his rights, but it certainly is drawing a long bow to say of one of Blake's acts that it "recalls the mingled caution and frenzy of his great ancestor of Elizabethan days, Shawn O'Neil."

"The Real Blake," however, is not altogether destitute of profit. Here is printed in full for the first time "The Island in the Moon," that youthful satire, grotesquely dull but not without significance in estimating Blake's literary training. More important is a complete transcription of his marginal notes to the "Angelic Wisdom" of Swedenborg, together with the passages of Swedenborg concerned, and even more interesting are Lavater's "Aphorisms" with Blake's illuminating comments. And other valuable documents are given. Little by little we are getting the whole of Blake. When shall we have all his writings in uniform style, edited with the accuracy and understanding displayed by Mr. Sampson in his edition of the lyrical poems? That is now the real desideratum, rather than these yeasty enthusiasms over Blake's Last Judgment as "the most beautiful, poetic, and decorative picture the word contains," over Blake himself as holding "a supreme place among the world's artists," and over his boyish and fragmentary drama as having the easy and complete vitality of Shakespeare's work. It is a pity that a critic should give himself up to these exaggerations; Blake is great enough not to need them. Mr. Ellis tells us more about the debt of Blake to Swedenborgianism than any other writer has yet done. If he had worked out that connection in detail he would have performed a service to letters that is still to do. It cannot be denied that he knows his Blake thoroughly, and is as familiar with the Zoas, Zelophahads, Orcs, Valas, Oothoons, Luvahs, *et id genus omne*, as any man living; again, if he had collected and coördinated his interpretations of Blake's mysticism, and had subdued the vanities of his own imagination he might have produced a work of indisputable value.

Sunshine and Sport in Florida and the West Indies. By F. G. Aflalo. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs. $4 net.

This volume is divided into three parts, treating, respectively, of "The Way There," "Tarpon-fishing and Other Sport," and, finally, "Home by the Spanish Main." Although fishing was the pole star which held steady through the trip of eleven thousand miles, this Briton had eyes for many other things. With happy turns of speech he gives us word pictures of the life on board ship and in New York. Of the Irish steerage passengers, he writes:

> These reeling exiles, who wave unsteady farewells to their friends on the tender, may control Trusts. To-day they are half-starved; but the time may come when they may corner wheat and starve their fellows.

In our city he is impressed by the lack of drunkenness, the ceaseless toil for money, the bad tea, the omnipresence of ice-water, and the utter uselessness of the baggage checking system! Some twenty pages and a number of illustrations are devoted to the Zoölogical Park and the Aquarium in New York city, about which he is enthusiastic as a sportsman and an angler. The author journeyed south to Washington where a half hour's talk with the President completely won his heart. Then on to Florida, stopping off here and there and making a hundred and one comments on the people and the land.

Part Two, dealing with the practical and descriptive aspects of tarpon fishing, reveals the author at his best. Every detail shows the enthusiasm of the true angler. The wonderful leaps of this gigantic herring are described—producing golden showers of iridescent spray in the sunlight, and visions of silver and black in the moonlight, while an evening without a moon, with the brilliant phosphorescence of the warm Gulf water, gives the strangest effects of all:

> Sudden pale gleams break the blackness below and mark the pathless dash of sharks over the hidden dwellings of the coral creatures, to whom they must seem as meteors flashing through the night, and the tarpon rushes like a signal rocket, setting the water afire as it jumps.

This fishing trip as a whole consumed twelve weeks, the travelling expenses being about one thousand dollars, and the cost of the angling some two hundred more. In eleven days the author captured seventeen splendid tarpon, the heaviest weighing 140 pounds. In addition to the account of the angling there is a chapter on the tarpon itself—an interesting summary of the known facts in regard to its life. Mr. Aflalo's natural history notes are, however, desultory, and not of special interest. He should have looked closer when he says the flicker is the only American woodpecker without red in its plumage.

After leaving Florida the author made brief stays in Cuba, Jamaica, and Panama. He has nothing but praise for the American system of work and sanitation in the last mentioned place. His frank and generous comments reveal a fair-mindedness only too

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rare in travellers. The volume should appeal to a far wider circle of readers than the "English anglers" for whom the author chiefly intends it.

Science.

CONGRESS OF ITALIAN SCIENTISTS.

PARMA, September 30.

The Italian Society for the Advancement of Science, organized here at Parma during the past week, is really a *risorgimento*, since a body bearing the same name and having similar objects held half a score of meetings at irregular intervals in different cities and met for what proved its final session more than thirty years ago at Palermo in the midst of Italy's struggle for national existence. Led by such men as Cerruti, Celoria, and Millosevich in mathematics; by Voltera, Righi, Alfonso Sella, Cardani, and Folgheraiter in physics; Allievi, Jona, and Colombo, in engineering; Paterna, Pesci, and Ciamician, in chemistry; Cuboni and Pirotta, in agriculture; Dalla Vedova and Mariotti, geography; Issel and Artini, geology; Baccarini and Borzi, botany; Andres, Monticelli, and Romiti, comparative anatomy; Luigi Pigorini, and Sergi, anthropology; Todaro and Livini, histology; Fano and Cervello, physiology; Foà, Biguami, and Marchiafava, bacteriology; and Luzzatti, Bodio, Strengher, and Pantaleoni in economics, this association has opened with nearly twelve hundred members. Volterra, a scientist under whom American physicists have counted it a privilege to study, and who shares with Righi of Bologna the distinction of having been Marconi's master, became the active head of the committee on organization. The Italian Philosophical Society and the Italian Electro-Technical Association united with the new body for their annual session, while the different government departments, the ministries of public works, of agriculture, of industry and commerce, of post and telegraph, of war, and of marine sent one or more official delegates. Local scientific societies, like the Spectroscopic Society of Catania, the Tuscan Society of Natural Sciences of Pisa, the Italian Geographical Society of Rome, the Society of Naturalists of Naples, the Royal Institute of Science, Literature, and Art of Venice, the Chambers of Commerce of Bari and Rome, and several large industrial manufacturing corporations affiliated themselves and sent delegates. The Imperial Agricultural Academy of Rovereto, Austria, and representatives of Leipzig, Heidelberg, Bonn, Frankfurt, Vienna, Trieste, Warsaw, and Prague Universities, and residents of England, France, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, and even Costa Rica are found on the membership list. America has six representatives: Prof. Simon Newcomb of Washington, Gaetano Lanza of Boston, a resident of Salem, Mass., one from Iowa, and two women (one a graduate of Vassar and former student of Radcliffe) from Cambridge, Mass. In all, over thirty women joined.

The chief interest of the opening exercises, if not of the entire session, centred in Volterra's able summary of the scientific tendencies of the day. The aggressive attitude of the Vatican towards Socialism and the corresponding anti-clerical agitation of the radical elements of society, to which many columns of the daily press have recently been given, the appearance first of the Papal syllabus, and then, only a week before the opening of this congress, of the encyclical, would naturally lead the Protestant observer in Italy to expect some outcropping of party antagonism at Parma. But the listener heard nothing of the kind. Volterra spoke briefly of the profound changes, both material and moral, which Italy has undergone since the last Italian congress of scientists had met, of the great and widespread development of scientific thought and with it the rise of a wholly new and modern feeling, the scientific spirit. The inheritance alike of the great and the humble, it pervades all branches of society and is indefatigably extending the application of new discoveries throughout the field of every day life. To its inspiration is due the awakening of the most sane and vital energies of the time. Impressed by the new inventions which have spread everywhere great material benefits, have increased riches, and have influenced deeply social customs and the conscience of society, the public seeks to possess itself of scientific truth, to know its details, and looks to science for material and moral progress. This expectant attitude of mind on the part of the public in turn stimulates the scientist. For example:

> Descending through all strata of society and spreading everywhere, brightening and helping, revivifying and intensifying all our life, electric appliances show constantly the power of scientific research and the utility of the most abstract studies.

If in such a way a continual current unites practical with scientific life, so those who make science their profession feel themselves drawn towards the mass of men, their life is no longer shut up in their laboratories and studies, like Gauss's, but, like Lord Kelvin, they feel constrained to put themselves into active contact with society and to share in the life which agitates the world.

Then from praise of the spiritual side of scientific studies, the delight of pure and disinterested search for truth, the joy of learning rather than of mere knowing, the speaker turned to the crisis which has overtaken all branches of knowledge, in the conditions of work and in the underlying philosophy. He dwelt on the rapid accumulation of discoveries awaiting classification and the definition of their interrelations; the keen and profound criticism of every speculation, new and old, threatening every system, even those which promised to withstand the assaults of time; the need of great technical skill demanding specialization and subdivision of scientific labor, so that a lifetime has become hardly sufficient to reach the point from which any real advance is possible; the interdependence of different branches of study so increased that further progress in any seems almost impossible without a profound knowledge of many others, not only of those which seemed related a few years ago, but also of the new departments of knowledge which are now known to be closely related. The crisis in the underlying philosophies is even more marked than in the conditions of work, where not only single hypotheses but great and universally accepted principles have suddenly become the objects of discussion and criticism, while old systems long thought buried forever are unexpectedly revived—the dreams of the alchemists re-arising, full of mystery.

The meetings of the fourteen sections into which the society divided continued throughout the week. These sections united again to hear Prof. Giacomo Ciamician of Bologna on "Organic Chemistry in Organisms," Prof. Pio Foà of Turin on "The Biological Significance of Tumors," and Prof. Maffeo Pantaleoni of Rome in a masterly review of "Forty Years of Economic Studies." If pure science found a large place in the different programmes, questions like the sterilization of city water, the necessity of developing popular education in regard to hygiene, and improving the preparation in mathematics, and in laboratory work in the preparatory schools, were not neglected. A geographical exhibition was opened in the Royal Palatine Library, and special descriptive catalogues of maps, of geographical manuscripts, and of nautical charts, were published. Excavations which are being made in the Terramara of Parma were freely opened to members. Twelve or fifteen feet below the level of the soil an old Roman road has been laid bare, and below that wood from the foundations of the house of "lake-dwellers," whom Professor Pigorini believes were contemporaries of Hammurabi.' Many horn-shaped fragments of pottery have been brought to light which are thought to confirm the theory of the oriental origin of these people. (Those who are interested can find details in a recently issued monograph, "Bollettino di Paletnologia Italiana," published by Luigi Battei, Parma, 1907.)

One morning was given to the exercises commemorative of Vittorio Bottego, the African explorer, in connection with the unveiling of his statue by Ximènes. His collection of the fauna of Erythrea, which forms a special museum in the university, had been carefully reclassified, and was then reopened to the public.

The abiding impression left by the congress is of the dignity and enthusiasm which marked its sessions and the confidence in Italy's great future, which her leading scientists inspired.

ALICE HAYES.

The "Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army," has reached the twelfth volume of the second series, including titles from O to Periodicals. How wide the field of this library is, apart from purely medical works, may be seen by glancing at the lists under such words as Passion and Pauperism.

An author is indeed to be congratulated when he is able to be, not only the student and collector of the material of which he writes, but artist as well. In "Feathered Game of the Northeast" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) Walter H. Rich has selected about ninety New England game birds, of both land and water, and has written a short essay about each, accompanied by well-executed drawings. These are primarily meant for the man "whose nature study has been conducted in the open and mostly over a gun-barrel," although the average reader and the professional ornithologist each may find much of interest. The il-

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lustrations, which are diagnostic, add considerably to the value of the volume. Mr. Rich has, however, fallen into the error very general among artists, of placing his ducks too high out of the water. No duck ever swam with the lower curve of its breast exposed. There is hardly one of the pictures of ducks in which the waterline should not be considerably raised. Fortunately the author has sane ideas on hunting. He asserts again and again the need of better protection for our birds, and continually urges moderation in bagging game. Spring shooting, he thinks, should be abolished altogether. On the more technical side we find recent scientific names given accurately, and the facts concerning life-histories, although of course mainly drawn from the point of view of the hunter, are reliable. As literature, the essays are commendable; for Mr. Rich possesses excellent powers of description, far above those of the average hunter, who is prone to wax eloquent chiefly when his mind runs on the toothsomeness of his game. The vivid portrayal of the icy blind on a lonely island at sea, where the hunter waits for the flocks of eider ducks is especially enjoyable reading. Interesting items are added here and there, as where in connection with the supposedly extinct Labrador duck we are told that "Audubon's drawings were made from a pair shot by Daniel Webster and by him presented to the naturalist." The volume contains over 430 pages, and is unusually well-printed.

Several months ago Prof. Albert Eulenburg, of the University of Berlin, published an article on suicide among the school-children of Germany, the data of which were so startling that the Prussian Cultus Ministry set on foot an official investigation. The published report covers the period from 1883 to 1903. In these twenty-one years the number of suicides in the primary and secondary schools of Prussia reached the total of 1,125. The annual average was almost fifty-four; for the age of fifteen and less, it was almost forty-two, in which the ratio between boys and girls was 4.16 to 1. In the secondary schools alone the average annual suicides numbered about fourteen. In the lower grades fear of punishment, mental derangement, hard treatment by parents, relatives, or teachers were the most important factors; in the higher grades, and especially in the secondary schools, fear of examinations, offended honor, mental disturbance, fear of punishment, love affairs, and despondency are assigned as the chief causes. In these grades fully 10 per cent. of the suicides could be ascribed to mental disturbance. Fully 28 per cent. of all these unfortunates were children or near relatives of epileptics, inebriates, or demented persons. In a surprisingly large proportion of cases the reasons for taking life were very trivial. In more than 48 per cent. it was the inability of the pupil to adapt himself to the arrangements of the school. In not a few instances dangerous literature, love affairs, premature enjoyment of the indulgences of the university students, as well as alcoholism, led to suicide. In a comparatively large number of cases the causes had nothing to do with the school at all, but originated in domestic troubles, especially punishments, criticisms, and strictness on the part of the parents.

Drama.

Memories of My Life. By Sarah Bernhardt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4 net.

If it be the main object of an autobiography to make a complete and merciless exposure of the character of the writer these "Memories" of Sarah Bernhardt constitute one of the most successful books ever written—and the revelation is so utterly unconscious, so vivid and so consistent in all its elaborate complexity as to leave no room for doubt or speculation. Herein lies the value of this rhapsodical but interesting *apologia pro vita sua* that it exhibits the true woman in clearer relief than it does the largely mythical superwoman whom it labors to depict. Rich as it is in minor details and vivacious descriptions it adds but little to the common knowledge of the career of the best advertised actress in the world. In fact, it is studiously reticent concerning many essential facts, including those of parentage and pedigree, about which the curious in such matters would like to be better informed. Apparently, there is no foundation for the stories, long prevalent, that her youth was passed in poverty. Her mother seems to have been amply provided for and she herself wanted for nothing in her childhood except the intelligent guidance and control of which she stood most in need. Concerning the identity and social position of her father a significant silence is observed, although he occasionally appears upon the scene. Her mother, as is generally known, was of Jewish descent, but she herself was reared in the Roman Catholic faith.

Her account of her early years, though crammed with domestic incident and anecdote of an easily credible kind, is so careful in its omissions and so reckless in its exaggeration, that only the most confiding reader would put much faith in its complete veracity. But reading between the lines, it is not difficult to discern in the wayward, affectionate, wilful, imaginative, and hysterical little girl of the Grandchamps Convent—where she received most of what regular education she had—the miniature copy of the brilliant, paradoxical and unmanageable creature who, a little later on, was to dazzle Paris with her acting and drive successive managers to despair. She furnishes a lively sketch of her convent life, her various escapades, her paroxysms of temper, her triumphs in religious theatricals and her gradual transformation into a religious devoteee. At one time, it appears, it was her highest ambition to become a nun, and she draws an imaginary picture of herself as a Carmelite penitent, an idea for which she is indebted to Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Her religious fervor, however, was never strong enough to render her amenable to discipline or to prevent her from indulging in the most caustic comment upon all who opposed or offended her, whether they were nuns, relatives or friends. In her case, the tongue was ever a most unruly member, and her book is highly seasoned with personalities, which however apt or amusing, are neither polite nor amiable.

It was the Duc de Morny, the favorite of the third Napoleon, who, when her family was fairly at a loss how to dispose of her, suggested that she be put upon the stage. He therein displayed better judgment than he employed in some weightier affairs. Her recitation of "Les Deux Pigeons" gained her admission to the Conservatoire. She had made no preparation, but the magic of her voice won her judges. Her first engagement at the Français ended ingloriously. Enraged because Madame Nathalie, an old *sociétaire*, had pushed her sister, she slapped her face and resigned rather than apologize. Her unruly temper was also the cause of her leaving the Gymnase, and she ran away, on a wild impulse, to Spain, where luckily she fell into good hands. Returning to Paris, she joined the Odéon, where she rapidly rose to fame. It was there that she made the acquaintance of Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon)—who offended her hugely by his indifference, but afterward became a good friend—and George Sand. It was there, too, that she achieved one of the most notable of her earlier triumphs in "Le Passant." After that her popularity, especially among the students, of whom she was ever the favorite, increased apace until it was interrupted by the war.

Her patriotism, as all the world knows, was as practical as it was fervid and vociferous. The Germans, in the present volume are the objects of some of her most vigorous rhetoric. But unlike most of her compatriots she laments the overthrow of the Emperor as well as the national defeat. He had entertained her at the Tuileries and greatly impressed her with his benevolence, gentleness, and wit. She holds that he was the victim of circumstance, and much more sinned against than sinning. Her remarks on political subjects are not profound but her conduct during the siege of Paris is deserving of the warmest admiration. In the emergency hospital which she established at the Odéon she displayed not only energy, endurance, and courage, qualities which she never lacked, but foresight, unselfish devotion, and tenderness. She did not desert her post even when she, with her patients, was driven by the German shells into the cellars, rendered almost uninhabitable by water and rats. Possibly some of her descriptions—that of her visit to a battlefield, for instance—may be colored somewhat too highly, but the reality, doubtless, was horrible enough, and the part she played was at once womanly and heroic.

It is impossible, and unnecessary, to follow her through her long list of triumphs and adventures, her escape from Paris, her descent into the "Enfer du Plogoff" at Finisterre—with its obvious inspirations from "Les Travailleurs de la Mer"—her balloon ascensions, etc. Imagination plays at least as great a part in them as sober fact, but Madame Sarah is a capital *raconteuse*. Nor is it needful to do more than refer to her dramatic achievements, culminating in "Phèdre," which have made her name a household word from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. It is a pity that her memories are so centred upon herself as to be forgetful of some of her friends who were almost as illustrious. Doubtless, if she had chosen, she could have told many illuminating anecdotes of Gambetta, Thiers (whom she anathematizes), Paul de Rémusat, Canrobert, Macmahon, Hugo, Augier, Bornier,

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Rochefort, Rostand, and many others. To tell the plain truth, the monstrous egotism of the book greatly weakens the pleasurable impression created by its vivacity, its cleverness, and its abundance of interesting material. It cannot affect, either in one way or the other, the fame of the consummate artist, which is too firmly established ever to be shaken, but it leaves behind it the impression of a woman endowed indeed with many fine qualities, with intellect, ambition, versatility, dauntless courage, and (within certain limits) both generosity and affection, but too much given to self-glorification, to petty animosities and jealousies and unreasonable prejudices to be entirely great.

"Shakespeare, der Dichter und sein Werk," by Dr. Max J. Wolff, vol. I. (Munich: Oskar Beck), is not marked by any strong critical originality, and it is needless to say that it does not throw any new light on the poet's life; yet it is a pleasing book, and is superior, perhaps, to any work on its subject accessible in English that attempts to combine both biography and literary criticism. On the other hand it falls below several we might name that deal with Shakespeare merely from one of these points of view. The author, who is already known for his contributions to Shakespearian study, is thoroughly familiar with the vast literature of his subject, so that his book has the advantage of representing the latest and best knowledge. Naturally, much the largest part of the work is devoted to a discussion of the poems and plays—especially the characters in the latter. In this last particular, Dr. Wolff rarely departs from orthodox interpretation; but, though occasionally too diffuse, his criticism is intelligent and sympathetic—indeed, warm with enthusiam—so that the reader will accompany him with pleasure through these familiar paths. His work, like that of nearly all of his countrymen on this subject, is marred by an unconditional acceptance of the "Henry VI." plays and "Titus Andronicus" as purely Shakespearian; their inclusion in the First Folio outweighs in Dr. Wolff's mind the all but unanimous judgment of English-speaking authorities—with reference to the former, at least. This is the one literary problem in the face of which the wonted audacity of German criticism seems to fail. A good feature of the work is the picture of the life of Elizabethan London—the background of the drama—which the author calls up. With regard to the Elizabethan stage, we note that Dr. Wolff rejects the theory of the inner stage, in which, it must be confessed, he has the support of the meagre pictorial evidence relating to the subject that has come down to our times. The present volume ends with "Twelfth Night." The work is to be completed in another volume.

On Monday evening, November 4, Klaw & Erlanger will present at Wallack's Theatre Eugene W. Presbrey's dramatic version of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Right of Way," in which Guy Standing and Theodore Roberts take the principal characters. The play comes to New York after several weeks on the road, where its success has been marked.

Arnold Daly is now rehearsing at the Berkeley Theatre two new plays which will be presented on Tuesday, November 5. "The Van Dycke" is a comedy adapted from the French and produced last year in London by Beerbohm Tree. The second piece is a drama in three scenes, "After the Opera," adapted from the French by Gladys Unger. This play has been given in Paris at the Grand Guignol.

A dramatic version of the story of "The Bride of Lammermoor" has been written by Stephen Phillips, and will be produced by Martin Harvey in Glasgow, next March. Scott's novel has always proved tempting to the dramatist. Of modern adaptations the most famous are those produced by Charles Fechter and Sir Henry Irving, both at the London Lyceum.

Music.

The Wagnerian Romances. By Gertrude Hall. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Stories from the Operas. By Gladys Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The Wagner Stories. By Filson Young. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Story of the Ring. By S. H. Hamer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.

Wagner Kalender auf das Jahr 1908. Berlin: Schuster & Loeffler.

Beautiful and often touching as is the music of Wagner's operas, there can be no doubt whatever that the pleasure it gives is doubled if the listener is able to follow the unfolding of the plot and to understand the dialogue. Unfortunately, few of even the great singers enunciate distinctly, nor is the majority of an operatic audience in this country conversant with German. Several translations have been made of Wagner's poems, but the necessity of not merely rendering the sense but preserving the metres and making the word accents coincide with the musical accents, has usually resulted in pretty hard reading. To overcome this difficulty, many attempts have been made simply to tell the stories of these operas in prose. Perhaps the lengthiest of these efforts is that of Gertrude Hall, who devotes 414 pages to ten of the Wagner operas. For reasons not apparent she begins with the last of them—"Parsifal," and ends with the earliest of the operas that one is likely to hear—"The Flying Dutchman." She is an enthusiast who believes that these poems form, even apart from the music, "a whole beautiful, luminous, romantic world," and that "one would not lose more by dropping out of literature the 'Idylls of the King' than the Wagnerian romances." However that may be, there can be no doubt that her conscientious transcript will be welcomed by many opera-goers.

In Gladys Davidson's book Wagner is represented by only two of his operas—"Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger." Of the other operas whose stories are told by her, four—Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis," Meyerbeer's "Star of the North," Halévy's "The Jewess," and Bellini's "La Sonnambula"—have practically disappeared from the stage, while a fifth, Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," has never become acclimated outside of Russia. The others in the list are popular favorites of to-day and likely to remain so for some time. Their plots are told by the author in the form of short stories without reference to the stage or the music.

Filson Young has also told the Wagner stories (ten of them) in the past tense, "because that tense is proper to narrative." He goes more into details than his rivals, quoting the dialogue here and there, sometimes in verse, and altogether he has accomplished his task creditably. He draws on his imagination when he says that Wagner insisted that his hearers "should be in possession of a brief outline of the story," for Wagner's contention was that the singers should enunciate so distinctly that a libretto or a synopsis becomes as superfluous as in a theatre; but Mr. Young is right in saying that Wagner deprecated the priming of his hearers beforehand with leading motives and elaborate musical information. The *labelled* leading motives are an invention of Hans von Wolzogen. Mr. Young quite properly assures amateurs as yet unacquainted with these masterpieces that "all this semi-masonic mystery of initiation is quite unnecessary."

The fourth book on our list confines itself to the four Nibelung dramas, the story of which is told briefly, while the leading motives are interspersed in musical type. There are four full-page illustrations in colors by Harry Rountree of scenes in the operas, and marginal notes of reference which add to the value of the book.

The habit of telling the stories of Wagner's operas in prose, which threatens to become an epidemic in this country, does not appear to prevail abroad to the same extent, although "thematic guides" abound in Germany. In the "Wagner Kalender" for next year, however, the story of "Lohengrin" is thus told, as "a fairy tale for children." In the first forty pages of this "Kalender" dates relating to Wagner's life or works are given for every day in the year—not an easy feat to accomplish. Ten pages are taken up with the first sketch, in prose, of "Die Meistersinger." This has been printed before, but we find here for the first time in type the prose plot of an opera which Wagner had in mind about the time when he was busy with "Tannhäuser." The name of this opera was to be "The Mines at Falun"; it was based on one of the tales in Hoffmann's "Serapionsbrüder," and it is surmised that Wagner abandoned this plot because of the difficulty of presenting the climax in an opera—the finding of the unchanged body of a young man who had perished in the mine, years later by the woman who at the time was his bride. Hans Pfeilschmidt contributes an account of the funeral of Wagner in Bayreuth, beginning with the arrival of the special train which brought the body from Venice. The corpse was in an ordinary freight car, on which the word "Leiche" was written with chalk. There is a photograph of the funeral services, and the "Kalender" is otherwise profusely illustrated with pictures serious and comic.

The question is often asked: "Who is the greatest living pianist next to Paderewski?" Of the three thousand enthusiastic women and men who heard Josef Hofmann, at his first recital in Carnegie Hall

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last Saturday, the majority would probably have named him in answer to that question. Though a Pole, this pianist played the last of Beethoven's sonatas and Schumann's inspired Fantasie with an appreciation of their subtle and recondite charms, as well as their more obvious points of beauty, in a way no German pianist of the period could have equalled. Nevertheless, he was at his best in the Polish part of his programme, which consisted of Chopin's twenty-five Preludes, "the pearls of his works," as Rubinstein called them. They represent the great tone poet in all of his moods, and though some of them seem mere fragments, all of them are, in the words of Kullak, "masterpieces of the first rank." In the performance of these Hofmann recalled the interpretative genius of his boyhood, which he lost for some years but has now recovered.

There are to be some special performances of operas by seventeenth and eighteenth-century composers, as well as four modern works, September of next year, at La Fenice, the large and beautiful building in Venice. Twenty-five operatic performances and five vocal and orchestral concerts, the programmes of the latter being likewise entirely drawn up from compositions by Italian musicians, will be included in the scheme. Caruso is to take part in some of the operas, and Arturo Toscanini, the chef d'orchestre at La Scala, will be the conductor. To further the project, a committee, consisting of Italian, English, and American women, is being formed.

Art.

NOTES ON EGYPTIAN ART.

Interesting accounts both of Prof. J. Garstang's and Prof. W. F. Petrie's excavations in Egypt during the last season have appeared in recent issues of the London *Times*. Professor Garstang excavated for the University of Liverpool, which, as is well known, has of late taken a prominent part in the study of archæology. The site chosen by him was Abydos. The various finds cover a wide range, dating from about 2000 B. C. to the first and second Christian centuries. The most interesting remains are attributed to the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties, and many of them are of singular interest and beauty. Among them are two or three representations in bronze of Osiris, one of which was covered with gilt, with inlaid eyes. A faience hippopotamus is of a somewhat unusual type, as is also a wooden statuette of a woman and child; for the body is long and the limbs short, although length of legs and arms is the prevailing characteristic of the people. The features, too, as in some other examples recently discovered, are of a negroid rather than a purely Egyptian type. Other relics in excellent preservation are a monkey in a cage, cats, a baboon, and a beautiful vase for offerings, representing two trussed geese. The workmanship and grace of form and feature in some cases suggest Greek art. One of the most exquisite specimens is an ivory seal—a child with finely-wrought features. A singular Kohl pot, with a slide in the middle of the lid, a palette and rubber for the grinding of cosmetics, combs, perfume pots, and other articles, show that the arts of feminine adornment reached a high degree of perfection under the twelfth and thirteenth dynasties.

Of Professor Petrie's excavations two discoveries are mentioned as of especial interest. The first is that of a succession of "Soulhouses," found at Rifeh, near Asyut, in a cemetery of the tenth to the twelfth dynasty, which was excavated from under a bed of gravel. The more modest of these miniature dwellings are models of houses such as are still inhabited by the peasantry—a single room with one or two openings, with a roof like a Bedawy tent, propped with two poles in front. Of this type there are several varieties. In the more elaborate dwellings special care was taken to provide ventilation; more zeal was shown, perhaps, for the souls of the dead than for the bodies of the living. The furniture consists of couches with head-rests, a chair, and stand of water-jars, while a bread-maker is shown at work under the staircase. On the roof in some instances were corn-bins. A bull's head, haunch, and ribs, and tanks of water were among the provisions for the soul's sustenance. Each house was, it would seem, intended for the accommodation of one soul only. The other important discovery was the contents of a great noble's tomb—one of the first known of the twelfth dynasty. The place was a small rock chamber containing the remains of two brothers. The inner case for the elder is elaborately painted with a diaper pattern of dark green and white on red ground, with yellow rosettes in the spaces. Minute hieroglyphs show details of animals. There were also found, in admirable preservation, two models of boats—one with the mast down and sail packed upon it, is being rowed down the Nile; the other has the mast up and the crew are engaged in hauling up the yards. The lookout man is sitting on the stern closely wrapped up to protect him from the north wind. Each boat has a cabin, in front of which sits the captain. The steering oars, undamaged, are finely painted with eyes of horus, lotus flowers, and rosettes. The figures are clear and striking, including those of the servant-girls.

The German Orient Society, which has been conducting extensive excavations during the past seven years in Assyria, Babylonia, Palestine, and Egypt, has recently issued an account of this work on two Egyptian sites: Abusir and Tell el-Amarna. In our issue of August 29, p. 195, we printed a brief note on the subject, but additional details are now at hand. The most notable result in a section of Abusir, known as Abusir el-Melek, was the additional material obtained from opening no less than 257 prehistoric graves with the usual contents of pottery, stone utensils, knives, and ornaments. A curious feature of this prehistoric necropolis is its continued use down to the period of the Hyksos. In some cases the same grave appears to have been used twice. At Tell el-Amarna which, ever since the discovery of the cuneiform archive of Amenophis III. in 1888, has been the scene of almost continuous archæological activity, Dr. Ludwig Borchardt has been fortunate in finding towards the northern part of the mound the remains of many of the private dwellings belonging to the period of the "Heretic King," as Amenophis III. (circa 1400 B. C.) was called. Through these finds the construction of private houses in Egypt has been made much clearer to us, and many persons may be surprised to learn that at this early date the bathroom was a regular feature of the dwelling house. In the more elaborate houses the bathroom was paved with limestone, and an outlet was provided for the water which, running through a covered pipe, emptied into a small reservoir. The bath itself, it would appear, was limited in those days to pouring jars of water over the body. Finally, in the main mound of Abusir, work on the extensive Temple of King Neferirkere of the fifth dynasty (circa 2700 B. C.) was completed, and the excavations around the pyramid near the temple systematically continued. The most interesting discovery was of remarkable specimens of faience work in wood, the brilliant colors of which—blue and yellow—give to the libation vases a striking appearance. Lastly, in the Temple of King Sahure (the predecessor of Neferirkere), comprising a pyramid, a temple for the dead, an approach, and a large gate, splendid specimens of sculptures on large blocks rewarded the efforts of the explorers. The scenes illustrate the career of the king, who is represented as being nursed by the goddess Nechbet, and in the form of a gryphon is depicted as crushing his enemies in western Asia and in Libya. These large granite reliefs belong to the finest specimens of the Egyptian art of the period.

The *Burlington Magazine* for October is unusually antiquarian in its tone, even for this publication; not merely because it contains nothing of the art of to-day, but because it contains less than it often does of the art of all days—less that is intrinsically beautiful as art apart from historical interest or the fascination of the great attribution puzzle. The notable exception is the photogravure frontispiece after a portrait of a little girl by Velasquez, from the Kahn collection—one of the pictures that, it has been rumored, are to come to this country. It would seem to be of fine quality and uncontested authenticity, and one would like to see it in the Metropolitan Museum. Some of the pictures in the Irish National Portrait Collection are probably fine canvases, and the two new Chardins in the Louvre must have beautiful qualities, but the reproductions are not, in these cases, adequate to give a clear notion of the originals. The sixteenth century woodcut portrait of Franz Burchard, Saxon ambassador to England, after an unknown English artist, is a magnificent piece of work, almost worthy of Holbein, by whom the draughtsman was evidently influenced. "Art in America" deals, as is too frequently the case, only with art that happens to be in America, not with the art of America; which is, nevertheless, occasionally worthy of notice.

Among the rather scrappy contents of the *Bollettino d'Arte* for October we may note the completion of Attilio Rossi's study of the works of art in the Monastery Tor de' Specchi, Rome; and capital illustrations of two drawings by Rembrandt in the National Museum, Naples. A pen sketch representing the slaying of Holofernes by

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Judith must be regarded as one of the swiftest and finest creations of the master. Hardly less admirable but in a mode thoroughly familiar, through the etchings, is Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dreams. The text of the new act reforming the service of fine arts in Italy is printed in full. The gist of the law is insistence upon competitive examination, whether for promotion or original appointment.

Francesco Malaguzzi Valeri, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for October, describes the frescoes of the Grifi Chapel, in S. Pietro in Gessate, Milan. There is documentary evidence that this work was assigned to Zenale and Butinone in 1489. We have then the familiar problem of collaboration by these very similar Lombards. Our author finds in this work but little Zenale, the greater master. A considerable portion of these paintings has lately been freed from whitewash, and it is hoped that other fifteenth-century frescoes which are known to exist in this church may also be uncovered. The article is one more contribution to our knowledge of an active and promising Milanese school, the orderly development of which was thwarted by the great apparition of Leonardo. In the same number is an excellent article on the Palazzo de' Clerici, Milan, that splendid monument of the early eighteenth century, pictured by Tiepolo and hung with tapestry of the time. The author, Ugo Nebbia, makes a valiant plea for Italian rococo; and, in fact, nobody who knows well the best eighteenth-century palaces of Venice will scorn this delightful form of decoration, at once so completely of its time and so racy of the North Italian soil.

Some few years ago, there was a distinct effort in England to revive not only the art of lithography, but the methods of the first successful publishers of lithographs. Artists issued their prints in portfolios or as illustrations in periodicals. Whistler led the way with his "Notes." There were collections of C. H. Shannon's prints, Joseph Pennell's sketches in Cornwall, W. Rothenstein's series of portraits. Annuals like the "Pageant," magazines like the *Art Journal* and the *Studio*, and Christmas supplements were illustrated by lithographs. Only two or three years ago, the Macmillans undertook to bring out original lithographs and etchings in a large and well-printed quarterly. But it was no use. There was no public, in England anyway, to support such publications or to justify editors of popular magazines looking to the art for popularity. Artists, who found the stone a sympathetic medium, continued to make lithographs, but issued them separately. Now, however, suddenly, a little group of artists and writers have discovered lithography, with all the pride of a new Columbus; are appalled by the fact that, though held in esteem on the Continent, it is neglected in England; but, thinking the knowledge of it increasing, have decided to encourage this knowledge by bringing out a periodical, called the *Neolith*, devoted solely to lithography, which they feel sure "will meet a growing need and stimulate a crescent interest." In the list of artists, given as contributors, are distinguished names, but only those of a few men who have, as yet, done much, if anything, on the stone: Clausen, E. J. Sullivan, A. S. Hartrick, Oliver Hall. Text is to accompany the prints, and, with a thoroughness that threatens the comfort of one's eyes, "the literary contents of the *Neolith* will be written out by Grily Hewitt" in a "script"—one would willingly sacrifice to good type—and printed by lithography. The publication will be quarterly and it will be edited by Mrs. Hubert Bland ("E. Nesbit") from Eltham. "The autumn of 1907" is the vague date given for the first number.

The first volume of Herbert Horne's study of Botticelli will be published immediately by Bell & Sons, and the second will follow before Christmas. Mr. Horne has been engaged on this work for many years, and has gone through a mass of matter in the archives of Florence and elsewhere. There will be photogravure reproductions of almost all Botticelli's genuine works.

In the volume on George Morland, in The Makers of British Art (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), David Henry Wilson devotes himself rather to such rehabilitation of Morland's personality as may be possible than to any attempt at criticism. We are given no notion of what may be the qualities of Morland's painting except in so far as it is illustrative or literary. We hear a great deal about the "cheeriness" and the didactic value of the pictures, nothing about their technical merits. Such technical merits as might be visible in reproduction seem slender enough, but the man may have handled his paint well. On the whole one finds his present vogue rather incomprehensible and is inclined to imagine that the prices his works fetched during his own lifetime were as good as they deserved.

In "Art and the Camera" (The Macmillan Co.), Anthony Guest adds one more to the many attempts to tell amateur photographers how to become artists. We find his remarks rather vague and inconclusive, though well meant. They are true enough, but they lead nowhere in particular. His illustrations are very good and many of them really "artistic," whether or not they are "art." For the most part, also, their artistic quality is attained by legitimate means, by intelligence in selection, in lighting, in focussing, developing, and printing, rather than by that subsequent work on the plate which generally reduces it to mush and attains to something as like art as a "crayon portrait," at the expense of all the virtues of photography as a record of fact. Most of these works by British amateurs show real taste and feeling and refreshingly little attempt to make their work look like poor charcoal drawing or etching rather than good photography.

The National Academy of Design will hold its winter exhibition in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society, West Fifty-seventh Street, from Saturday, December 14, to January 11. Varnishing day will be December 13. The jury of selection will be Hugo Ballin, Edwin H. Blashfield, Emil Carlsen, Carlton T. Chapman, Walter Clark, E. Irving Couse, C. C. Curran, Francis Day, Henry Golden Dearth, Frederick Dielman, Frank V. Dumond, C. Warren Eaton, Ben Foster, August Franzen, Albert L. Groll, Childe Hassam, William H. Howe, George W. Maynard, Edward H. Potthast, Henry L. Prellwitz, Robert Reid, Walter Shirlaw, C. Y. Turner, Robert W. Van Boskerck, A. T. Van Laer, Robert W. Vonnoh, and Henry O. Walker. The hanging committee will be composed of H. Bolton Jones, Henry B. Snell, and Karl Bitter.

The National Arts Club in collaboration with the National Society of Craftsmen will hold an exhibition of arts and crafts at No. 119 East Nineteenth Street from November 20 to December 11, not only to show every branch of modern craft work, but also to illustrate the different periods of development. During the exhibition prominent leaders in the arts and crafts movement will deliver lectures, and eminent craftsmen will give practical demonstrations of the work. Any further information with reference to the exhibition can be obtained from the special committee, No. 119 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Philadelphia Water-Color Club will hold, under joint management, an exhibition of water-color, black and white, pastel, and drawing at the Academy, December 2 to December 28. The jury of selection consists of Hugh H. Breckenridge, Hermann Dudley Murphy, Violet Oakley, Frederick Ballard Williams, Thomas P. Anshutz, and Carl Newman; the hanging committee of George Walter Dawson, Blanche Dillaye, and John J. Dull.

The autumn season in the London galleries has opened with a tribute to age. In the eyes of the British public, the late Sydney Cooper was a hero, because he continued to paint sheep with mistaken minuteness until well over ninety. Today, William Callow has taken his place, and a show of Mr. Callow's water colors, dating anywhere from 1841 to 1904, is bringing the usual success to the Leicester Gallery. Mr. Callow has almost completed his seventieth year in the Old Water Color Society; he was praised in 1839 by Thackeray, who found him better than Harding, his master; he is ninety-five years old. At this ripe age he is giving his first "one-man" show. When it is a question of his work, there is no doubt that, though never an Academician, he comes more legitimately by his reputation than Sydney Cooper. He has an eye for the picturesque in landscape and architecture. He is often happy in his point of view, always careful and conscientious in his record. His drawback is that his career began just when the early British water color was at the height of popularity; and that, with the Briton's inborn conservatism, he has never had the courage to abandon the convention in which he was trained. His work has the smallness, the drawing-book preciseness, the over-elaboration of the men of his generation. The work of the earliest painters in water color, who really did not paint, but washed over their pen or pencil drawings with color, was followed by work of a minuteness of detail, of an excess of finish, that is simply tedious. One or two of Callow's drawings, especially a canal in Venice, suggest what he might have done if less timid, so full and broad are they in treatment. But to him drawings of this kind were notes, memoranda, for his own use, not to be exhibited; and he will be remembered, above all, as the typical representative of the methods of an especially inartistic

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phase of the early Victorian period. Even so, however, his drawings have the grace of sincerity.

An important collection of engraved portraits of rulers of Holland and the Low Countries will be sold at auction in Amsterdam on November 26 and 27. This is the first portion of the collection of A. J. Nyland of Utrecht, which is said to be the finest of its class in Holland. Included are a number of portraits of Napoleon I. and Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. The other parts of the collection to be sold later comprise portraits of celebrated persons of the Netherlands, statesmen, artists, writers, etc., historical prints, and the library proper.

Finance.

THE BANK PANIC AND ITS PROBABLE SEQUEL.

If the "twenty-year-cycle" theory in regard to panics is correct—and the precedents are abundant—the markets are not now confronted with a depression of the more serious sort. That should be due, by the calendar, some time around 1913, and from this fact business men in general may take heart. Between current events and those of 1893, for instance, there is no close resemblance. The crisis of that year was accompanied and preceded by collapse of the underlying props of the whole financial structure, by threatened repudiation of gold payments by the Treasury, deficits in public revenue, heavy shrinkage in profits in every sort of industry, and widespread doubt as to the country's future. Clearly the present situation is no duplication of 1893.

Probably the majority of old-time Wall Street men, last week Wednesday, would have said that the scenes of that exciting day most closely resembled those of 1884. Stocks had been falling almost continuously, since the end of 1883, and the markets for money and exchange had been exceedingly unfavorable. Public confidence in certain high financiers and railway men had been seriously shaken; yet no very profound unsettlement had occurred. On the 6th of May, the failure of Grant & Ward, a firm made up of Gen. Grant, his sons, and a young adventurer in whom they had confided, startled the whole community—especially when the $20,000,000 liabilities of the concern were found to be backed by practically no assets, and when the Marine Bank on the same day closed its doors because of its president's entanglements with Ward.

The public and the market received this shock with what looked in retrospect like composure—in this resembling the reception of the Mercantile Bank troubles. What did occur, however, was a general turning of bank directors to the investigation of their own and affiliated institutions, again much like what occurred at the beginning of last week. On May 14, this urgent searching disclosed two startling facts—that the president of the Second National had stolen its securities for use in personal speculation, and that the president of the Metropolitan National had so far improperly placed its resources in securities of a Southern railway system under his control that the bank was no longer solvent. What happened next was a still closer duplication of what has occurred this week. A run on other banks began; depositors hoarded money; in the resultant general panic, a good part of Wall Street failed to get loans at any price. At one hour on that panic day, 4 per cent. was bid and paid on the Stock Exchange for use of a not enormous sum of money during the next twenty-four hours—which was equivalent to an annual rate of no less than 1,440 per cent. Despite this extraordinary bid, interior banks took fright. Their withdrawals of cash, with the hoarding by depositors which went on simultaneously, cut down cash holdings of the New York banks from $86,900,000 on May 10 to $67,500,000 on May 24.

If, then, the New York bank panic of 1884 provides the closest analogy in our history to the events of the present week, it will be interesting to see by what means the tangle of that year was straightened out, how soon the danger passed, and what the sequel was. In the first place, the New York Clearing House banks agreed to pool their assets, issued $26,500,000 loan certificates to banks in its membership whose cash reserve had been exhausted, and agreed to accept such certificates from one another in payment of daily balances at the Clearing House. At the same time, within two days of the severest strain, Europe became a heavy buyer of our stocks at the bargain prices. Exchange on London, which had been ruling above 4.88, and compelling gold exports from New York, fell abruptly to 4.83, the gold-importing point; within a week, gold was on its way to America from Germany and England, and what was of even more importance, Europe took over, in great quantity, the loans of the New York banks. On Saturday, May 24, the New York banks reported a deficit in reserves of $6,600,000; it was reduced to $1,900,000 the ensuing week; on June 7 the surplus was restored, and by July it had risen to $16,300,000. In June, call money ruled at 4 per cent. or lower, time loans at 5 and 6 per cent., and the Wall Street strain was over.

What followed later? A quiet financial summer, largely due to the very bitter Presidential election contest, yet with a vigorous rise on the Stock Exchange even in July. In 1885, after a period of abundant New York bank reserves and of call money rates as low as ½ of 1 per cent. during seven successive months, a great recovery ensued, with all the world once more watching the signs of American prosperity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aitken, Robert. The Golden Horseshoe: The John McBride Co.
Aldington, May. Songs of Life and Love. London: David Nutt.
Aldis, Janet. The Queen of Letter Writers. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Annals of St. Michaels. Edited by John P. Peters. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Askew, Alice and Claude. Lucy Gort. Brentano's. $1.50.
Athenæum Centenary. The Boston Athenæum.
Bagot, Richard. The Lakes of Northern Italy. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Bailey, Elmer James. The Novels of George Meredith. A Study. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Board of Health, Annual Report of. 2 vols. Martin B. Brown Co.
Betham-Edwards, Miss. Literary Rambles in France. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Blok, Petrus Johannes. History of the People of the Netherlands. Vol. IV. Putnams. $2.50.
Bone, Florence. The Morning of To-day. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.
Brewster, William T. Modern English Literary Criticism. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Brooks, Mary Wallace. A Prodigal. Boston: Badger. $1.25.
Bruce, Josephine. School Days. A Memory Book. Brentano's.
Bruce, Wallace. The Hudson. Bryant Union Co.
Burroughs, Dwight. Jack, the Giant Killer, Jr. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Calvert, Albert F. Toledo.—Granada and the Alhambra. Lane. $1.25 net each.
Campbell, R. J. New Theology Sermons. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Chancellor, William Eastbrook. Motives, Ideals and Values in Education. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 net.
Clarke, Felicia Buttz. Gigi, the Hero of Sicily. Eaton & Mains. $1.25.
Cocke, Zitella. Cherokee Rose. Boston: Badger. $1.
Cooke, Jane Grosvenor. An Interrupted Honeymoon. Barnes. $1.50.
Connelley, William Elsey. Doniphan's Expedition. Topeka, Kan.: Published by the author.
Crowninshield, Frederic. Under the Laurel. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.
Cushing, Otho. The Teddyssey. Life Publishing Co.
David, Alexander. Le Philosophe Meh-Ti. London: Luzac & Co.
Day, James Roscoe. The Raid on Prosperity. Appletons. $1.50 net.
Dumas's Crimes of the Borgias and Others. Macmillan. $1.75.
Eckstorm, Fannie H. David Libbey. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 60 cents net.
Elliott, Emilia. Joan of Juniper Inn. Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Ellis, Edward S. The Forest Messenger. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights. Edited by E. Dixon. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Fischer, William J. The Toiler and other Poems. Toronto: William Briggs.
Fisher, Irving. The Rate of Interest. Macmillan. $3 net.
Forrester, Izola L. "Us Fellers." Philadelphia: Jacobs.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. The Fair Lavinia and Others. Harpers. $1.25.

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Haigh, A. E. The Attic Theatre. Henry Frowde.
Hole, Samuel Reynolds. The Letters of. Edited by George A. B. Dewar. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Hope, Anthony. Sport Royal. Harpers.
Houston, Edwin J. The Discovery of the North Pole. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.
Howells, William Dean. Between the Dark and the Daylight. Harpers. $1.50.
Hubbard, Elbert. Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Orators. Putnams. $2.50.
Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics, 1906. Springfield, Ill.
Jordan, David Starr. The Human Harvest. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Krüsi, Hermann. Recollections of My Life. Grafton Press. $2.50 net.
Lang, Andrew. Ballads in Blue China. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher. $1 net.
Lathers, Richard. Reminiscences of. Edited by Alvan F. Sanborn. Grafton Press. $2.50 net.
Lewis, Henry Alfred. When Men Grew Tall: The Story of Andrew Jackson. Appletons. $2 net.
Longfellow's Wooing of Hiawatha. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Luther, Mark Lee. The Crucible. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Macleod, Fiona. The Hour of Beauty. Portland, Me.: T. B. Mosher. $1 net.
McLaws, Lafayette. The Welding. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
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Makereth, James A. In Grasmere Vale and Other Poems. London: David Nutt.
Mansion, J. E. Extracts for Composition in French. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 60 cents.
Marshall, Herbert and Hester. Cathedral Cities of France. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.
Mattapoisett and Old Rochester. Prepared by Mary H. Leonard and others. Grafton Press. $2 net.
Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne. Edited by M. Charles Nicoullaud. Vol. II. Scribners. $2.50 net.
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Modern Reader's Bible. Edited by Richard G. Moulton. Macmillan. $2 net.
Murlin, Edgar L. New York Red Book. Albany.
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Pater, Walter. Gaston De Latour. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher. $1 net.
Peck, Harry Thurston. Hilda and the Wishes. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Perin, Florence Hobart. The Optimist's Good Morning. Boston: Little Brown & Co. $1 net.
Ranple, David Watson. Wordsworth and His Circle. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Reed, Milton. The Democratic Ideal. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 75 cents net.
Santo Ninguno. Getting There. Where? and How? Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press.
Singleton, Esther. Historic Landmarks of America. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Southworth, May E. Galahad, Knight Errant. Boston: Badger. $1.
Starr, Laura B. Filippo, the Italian Boy. Barnes.
Stratilesco, Tereza. From Carpathian to Pindus. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Suzuki, Daisetz Teitaro. Outlines of Mahâyâna Buddhism. London: Luzac & Co.
Tadhkiratu 'L-Awliya. Part II. Edited by Reynold A. Nicholson. London: Luzac & Co.
Tax Commissioner's Annual Report, 1907. Albany.
Teasdale, Sara. Sonnets to Duse. Boston: Badger. $1.
Twain, Mark. A Horse's Tale. Harpers. $1.
Victoria (Queen), Letters of. Edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher. 3 vols. Longmans. $15 net.
Warren, T. H. The Death of Virgil: A Dramatic Narrative. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
Weir, Archibald. An Introduction to the History of Modern Europe. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
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Williamson, C. N. and A. M. The Powers and Maxine. Empire Book Co. $1.50.
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